
MARS PENAL COLONY
MOFFETT - DOFANTASY.COM
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IMPORTANT

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No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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DISCLAIMER PAGE



MARS PENAL COLONY

MOFFETT

DIALOGS SANDOW

PREFACE

The beginning of the 21st Century was shaped by a revolution few could have imagined.

The revolution came not from political anarchy or military bloodshed; it arrived in the form of Martinite. This rare element was found in vast quantities deep under the irradiated sands of Mars. With Martinite, microchips could be reduced in size by a factor of 1 million, and their speed increased by 1 million as well. Computer systems which could handle the processing needs of an entire spaceport could suddenly be made as small as a kitchen toaster.

Almost overnight limits of high-tech processors were no longer contained by physical limitations, but by the imaginations of engineers and designers alone.

For the company that could get their hands on a source of Martinite, there were no limits. But Martinite was only found on Mars.

Realizing the staggering costs involved in tearing the priceless ore from the red planet and shipping it back to Earth, the ultra right-wing governments of the United States turned to the free market for a solution. The most radical idea came from the Marsexxon Corporation who proposed the establishment of a Martian Penal Colony nicknamed “Copernicus”.

Copernicus was to be a self contained mining and refining facility built and staffed by the most violent criminal offenders vomited up from the seething mass of humanity crawling over Earth’s surface. Marsexxon Corp. had established itself as a worldwide mega-corporation with ties to every dictatorship and underworld organization known to exist. Their power came from an unwavering dedication to the bottom line. Money. This new project would be a marvel of human ingenuity and machine like efficiency.

Sprawling over three square miles of Mars' cratered landscape and burrowing almost a mile beneath its red soil, Copernicus would squeeze every dollar out of the alien sands while working countless criminals to death. Finding labor was easy. Prisoners who had been condemned to execution were given the choice of frying in the electric chair, or taking their chances on a distant planet, slaving for a faceless corporation who would profit from their backbreaking work.

For the dregs of condemned scum, the choice was easy.

Prisoners, or as the Marsexxon Corp. referred to them, "Unlimited Contract Employees", were encouraged to work through a combination of relentless punishment and threats to their continued existence.

Underperforming convicts would have their food rations withheld. In the most extreme cases, their daily air allowance was restricted as well. To work was to live. To resist was to die a long and agonizing death by starvation and asphyxiation.

More direct punishment was handled through WHIP-ONE, the station's self-aware computer system.

Designed to manage every aspect of the prisoner's behavior, WHIP-ONE was directly linked to company slaves by an electronic harness wired to each prisoner's genitalia. These devices were a wonder of miniaturization technology. The harness not only let WHIP-ONE locate each prisoner within the vast refining complex, but also let the computer monitor the subject's mental state, stress levels and rebellious thoughts. Electrodes delivered punishments ranging from a debilitating shock to the gonads, all the way to an excruciating death.

The decision as to what punishment was appropriate was left completely up to the factory's digital overlord.

Control over the prisoners was so complete that a mere handful of corporate guards could effectively rule over a convict population numbering in the hundreds. These guards were to be housed in a control tower rising from the surface of Mars, and connected to the main factory through a high-tech security tube where incoming shipments of food and water would flow.

The metal umbilical cord would also deliver replacement contract workers, or "pigs". Once a prisoner arrived on the hostile planet and walked down the metal corridor, they knew it was a one-way trip. The only thing coming up the tube would be high-grade, refined Martinite.

Escape from the Martian penal colony was impossible, and the profit margin promised to be enormous. The fascist United States government quickly agreed to this plan and by 2040 Penal Colony Copernicus was a reality.

The guards chosen to work in the distant prison were lesbians.

All expressions of homosexuality had been banned from earth under the authoritarian regime, and finding beautiful lesbians to take a job so far away from family and friends wasn't difficult.

The women viewed the assignment as an opportunity to indulge in their deviant lusts, far from the prying eyes of Big Brother. Marsexxon Corp. was willing to look the other way, since having a staff of lesbian guards minimized the risk of any relationships forming between prisoners and supervisors. If any gay men turned up in the prisoner's side of the refining factory, then WHIP-ONE could 'take care' of it.

All potential hazards of this offworld project were thought to have been solved, but one flaw found its way into the system turning the Mars Penal Colony into a howling nightmare: Mad Satan.

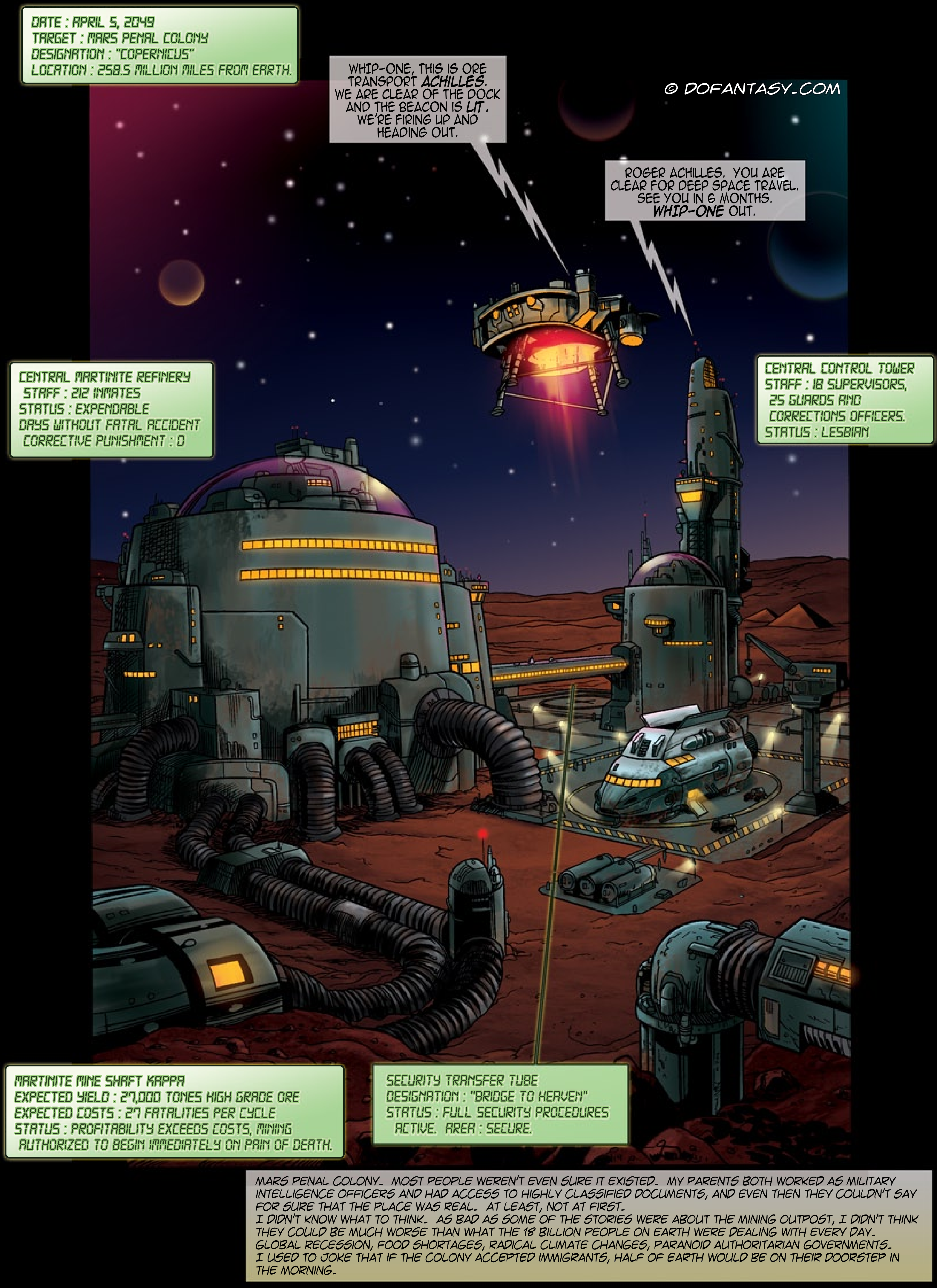
Recognized as the most vicious, immoral, psychotic killer the world had ever seen, Mad Satan left a trail of blood and wailing sorrow across 4 continents before his capture and exile to Copernicus. It was hoped that he'd die beneath the Martian crust. But Mad Satan had talents he'd never shared. The hulking monster was not only a warped genius, but his twisted brain was mildly telepathic. Once locked inside the colony, he used his abilities to hack into WHIP-ONE and seize control.

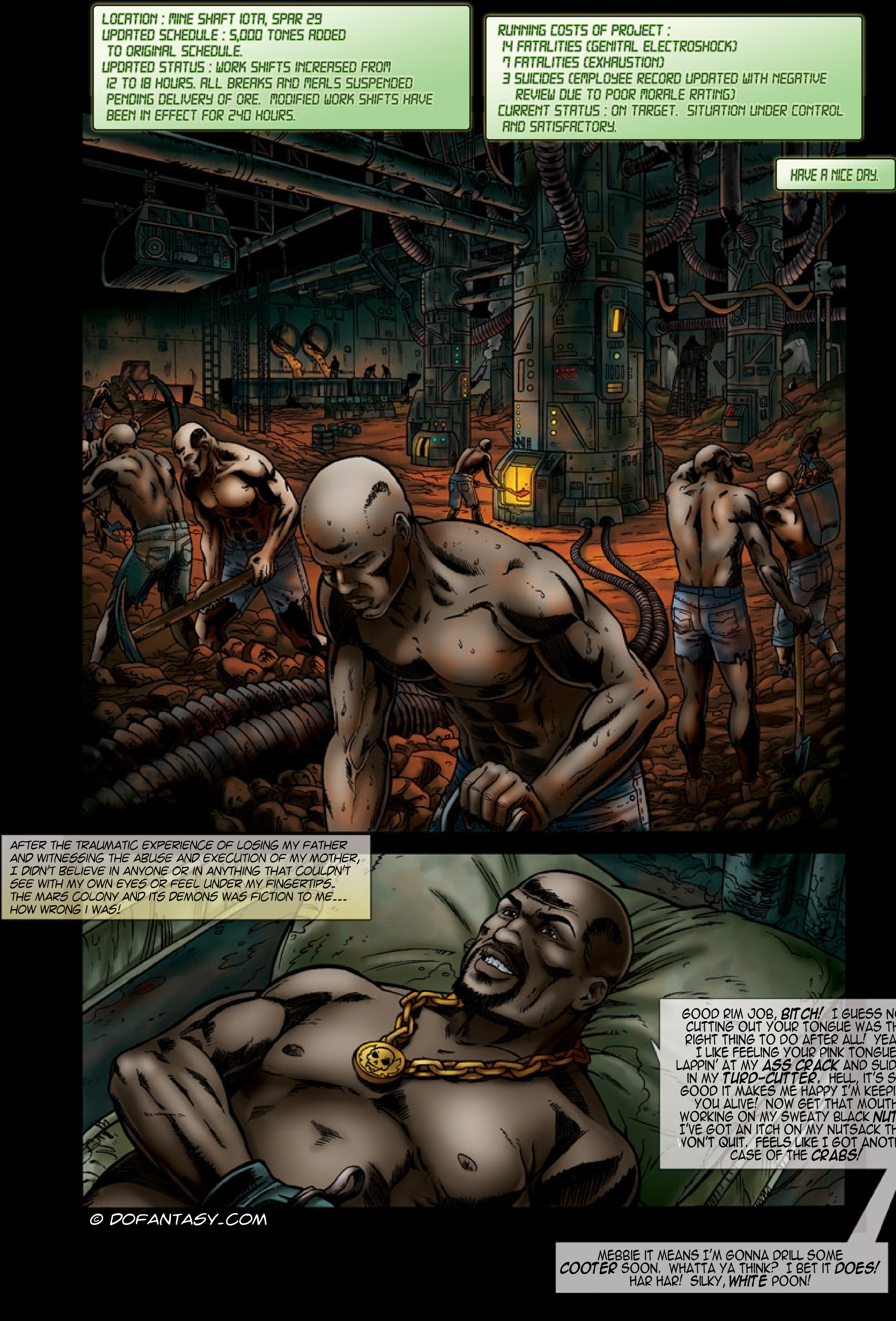
In an instant, he was both ruler and undisputed dictator of the small city.

With Mad Satan controlling the mining project, the Marsexxon Corp. had few options. But the mega-corporation's history of successfully working with tyrants and mobsters meant they were quick to come to an agreement satisfying both sides. Mad Satan would keep the supply of Martinite flowing to Earth. In exchange, Marsexxon would keep him stocked with everything he needed to indulge in a life of sadistic hedonism.

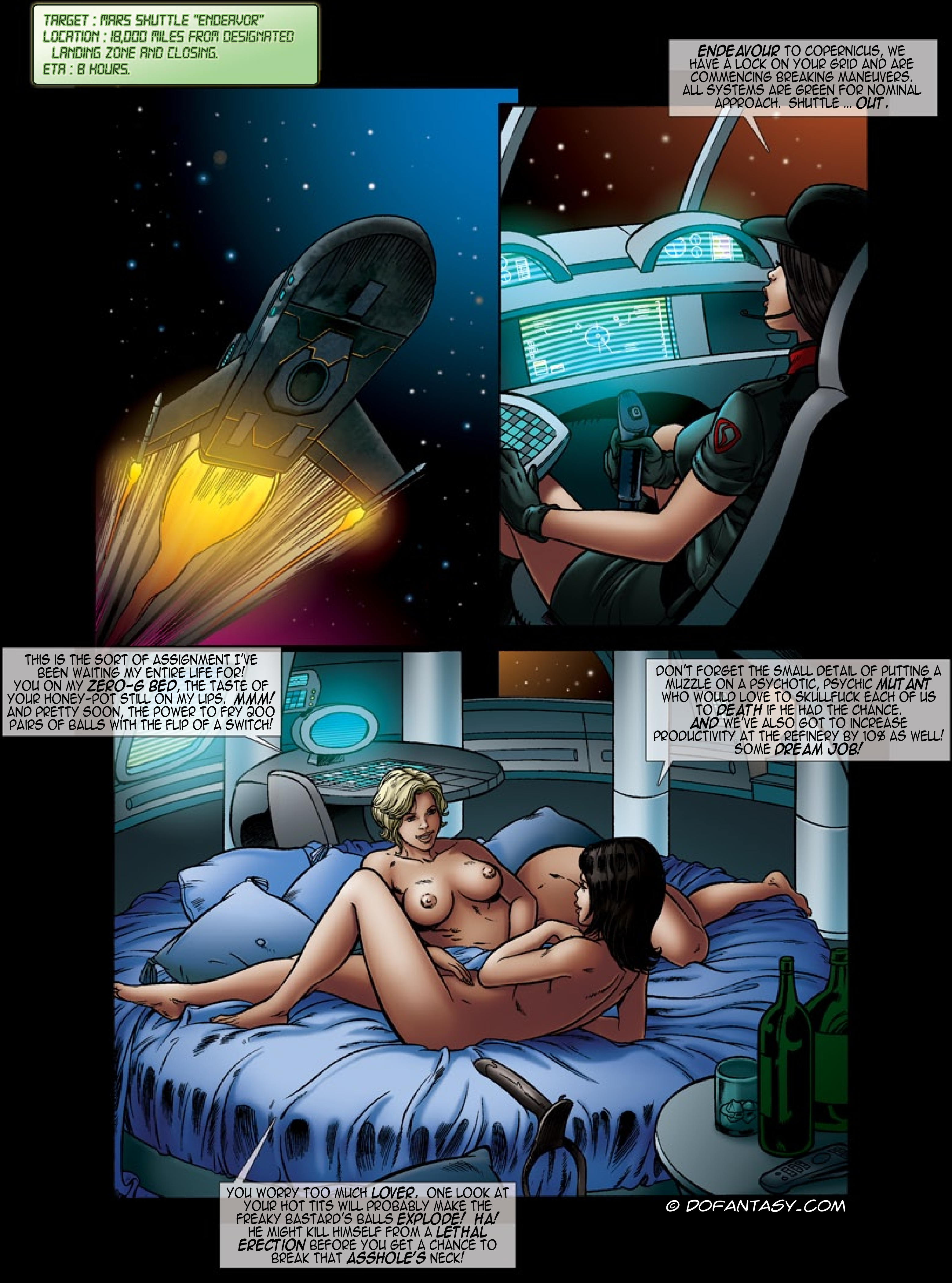
No longer would Earth send just condemned filth to slave away in the mines. They would also send beautiful young fuck-slaves to keep him and his minions happy.

Under Earth's repressive governments, all are considered terrorists unless proven otherwise. And the penalty for terrorism is death or exile. Rounding up a supply of sexy women to appease the lusts of degenerates and convicts would be the easiest deal the Marsexxon Corp. ever made.


DATE : APRIL 5, 2049
TARGET : MARS PENAL COLONY
DESIGNATION : "COPERNICUS"
LOCATION : 258.5 MILLION MILES FROM EARTH.
WHIP-ONE, THIS IS ORE TRANSPORT ACHILLES. WE ARE CLEAR OF THE DOCK AND THE BEACON IS LIT. WE'RE FIRING UP AND HEADING OUT.
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ROGER ACHILLES. YOU ARE CLEAR FOR DEEP SPACE TRAVEL. SEE YOU IN 6 MONTHS. WHIP-ONE OUT.
CENTRAL MARTINITE REFINERY
STAFF : 212 INMATES
STATUS : EXPENDABLE
DAYS WITHOUT FATAL ACCIDENT
CORRECTIVE PUNISHMENT : 0
CENTRAL CONTROL TOWER
STAFF : 18 SUPERVISORS,
25 GUARDS AND
CORRECTIONS OFFICERS.
STATUS : LESBIAN
MARTINITE MINE SHAFT KAPPA
EXPECTED YIELD : 27,000 TONES HIGH GRADE ORE
EXPECTED COSTS : 27 FATALITIES PER CYCLE
STATUS : PROFITABILITY EXCEEDS COSTS, MINING AUTHORIZED TO BEGIN IMMEDIATELY ON PAIN OF DEATH.
SECURITY TRANSFER TUBE
DESIGNATION : "BRIDGE TO HEAVEN"
STATUS : FULL SECURITY PROCEDURES ACTIVE. AREA : SECURE.
MARS PENAL COLONY. MOST PEOPLE WEREN'T EVEN SURE IT EXISTED. MY PARENTS BOTH WORKED AS MILITARY INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS AND HAD ACCESS TO HIGHLY CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS, AND EVEN THEN THEY COULDN'T SAY FOR SURE THAT THE PLACE WAS REAL. AT LEAST, NOT AT FIRST.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK. AS BAD AS SOME OF THE STORIES WERE ABOUT THE MINING OUTPOST, I DIDN'T THINK THEY COULD BE MUCH WORSE THAN WHAT THE 18 BILLION PEOPLE ON EARTH WERE DEALING WITH EVERY DAY. GLOBAL RECESSION, FOOD SHORTAGES, RADICAL CLIMATE CHANGES, PARANOID AUTHORITARIAN GOVERNMENTS.
I USED TO JOKE THAT IF THE COLONY ACCEPTED IMMIGRANTS, HALF OF EARTH WOULD BE ON THEIR DOORSTEP IN THE MORNING.


LOCATION : MINE SHAFT IOTA, SPAR 29
UPDATED SCHEDULE : 5,000 TONES ADDED TO ORIGINAL SCHEDULE.
UPDATED STATUS : WORK SHIFTS INCREASED FROM 12 TO 18 HOURS. ALL BREAKS AND MEALS SUSPENDED PENDING DELIVERY OF ORE. MODIFIED WORK SHIFTS HAVE BEEN IN EFFECT FOR 240 HOURS.
RUNNING COSTS OF PROJECT :
14 FATALITIES (GENITAL ELECTROSHOCK)
7 FATALITIES (EXHAUSTION)
3 SUICIDES (EMPLOYEE RECORD UPDATED WITH NEGATIVE REVIEW DUE TO POOR MORALE RATING)
CURRENT STATUS : ON TARGET. SITUATION UNDER CONTROL AND SATISFACTORY.
HAVE A NICE DAY.
AFTER THE TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE OF LOSING MY FATHER AND WITNESSING THE ABUSE AND EXECUTION OF MY MOTHER, I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ANYONE OR IN ANYTHING THAT COULDN'T SEE WITH MY OWN EYES OR FEEL UNDER MY FINGERTIPS. THE MARS COLONY AND ITS DEMONS WAS FICTION TO ME... HOW WRONG I WAS!
GOOD RIM JOB, BITCH! I GUESS NOT CUTTING OUT YOUR TONGUE WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO AFTER ALL! YEAH, I LIKE FEELING YOUR PINK TONGUE LAPPIN' AT MY ASS CRACK AND SLIDING IN MY TURD-CUTTER. HELL, IT'S SO GOOD IT MAKES ME HAPPY I'M KEEPING YOU ALIVE! NOW GET THAT MOUTH WORKING ON MY SWEATY BLACK NUTS. I'VE GOT AN ITCH ON MY NUTSACK THAT WON'T QUIT. FEELS LIKE I GOT ANOTHER CASE OF THE CRABS!
MEBBIE IT MEANS I'M GONNA DRILL SOME COOTER SOON. WHATTA YA THINK? I BET IT DOES! HAR HAR! SILKY, WHITE POON!


YO WILLIE! WHAT TIME THAT CRAZY-ASS SHUTTLE SUPPOSED TO COME AND GET THEIR FUCKIN' ROCKS OFF THIS RED BALL OF DIRT?
CONTROL SAID TOMORROW. THEY DONE GOT 'EM ON THE RADAR AND EVERYTHING. BRINGIN' LOTS O' GOODIES, BUT NO MORE WORKERS.
WHAT THE FUCK? WE NEED MORE PIGS IN THE HOLE IF THEY WANT MORE OF DAT ROCK!
THEY SAY'S WE GOTS ENOUGH WORKERS TO MAKE THE QUOTA.
THEY BE BRINGIN' EVERYTHING ELSE THO. LOTS OF MALT LIQUOR, SMACK AN' A CARGO HOLD OF WHITE WHORES!
SHIT! THAT JUST SHOWS THEY'RE NOT COMPLETELY STUPID. THEY KNOWS THEY GOTTA KEEP MAD SATAN HAPPY OR HE CUTS 'EM OFF THE MARTINITE. THEY KNOW WHO RUNS THE SHOW, THEY AIN'T RETARDED.
HEAR THAT WHITE MAMMA? MORE WHITE CUNTS ARE COMIN' TO TAKE YOUR PLACE. LOOKS LIKE YOUR GONNA GET REPLACED WHEN THE NEW TAIL GETS HERE!
SO YA BETTER DO A DAMN FINE JOB SUCKIN' MY ROCKS OR I'LL RETIRE YOUR LILY WHITE ASS EARLY! I'VE GOT A BLACK ARMY OF ASSHOLES JUST ITCHIN' FOR A CHANCE TO PLAY WITH YOU, YOU STUPID WHITE 'HO!
-SLURP!- PLEASE MASTER, LET ME SERVE YOU! I NEED YOUR COCK.... I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR JIZZ ON MY FACE AND RUNNING DOWN MY CHIN...-SUCK!- I AM A PATHETIC CUM-DUMP AND IT'S AN HONOR TO SUCK YOUR ASS... -GULP!- AND DRINK YOUR PISS....
-SCHLURP!- PLEASE KEEP ME... BLACK MASTER....


TARGET : MARS SHUTTLE "ENDEAVOR"
LOCATION : 18,000 MILES FROM DESIGNATED LANDING ZONE AND CLOSING.
ETA : 8 HOURS.
ENDEAVOUR TO COPERNICUS, WE HAVE A LOCK ON YOUR GRID AND ARE COMMENCING BREAKING MANEUVERS. ALL SYSTEMS ARE GREEN FOR NOMINAL APPROACH. SHUTTLE ... OUT.
THIS IS THE SORT OF ASSIGNMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING MY ENTIRE LIFE FOR! YOU ON MY ZERO-G BED, THE TASTE OF YOUR HONEY-POT STILL ON MY LIPS. MMM! AND PRETTY SOON, THE POWER TO FRY 200 PAIRS OF BALLS WITH THE FLIP OF A SWITCH!
DON'T FORGET THE SMALL DETAIL OF PUTTING A MUZZLE ON A PSYCHOTIC, PSYCHIC MUTANT WHO WOULD LOVE TO SKULLFUCK EACH OF US TO DEATH IF HE HAD THE CHANCE. AND WE'VE ALSO GOT TO INCREASE PRODUCTIVITY AT THE REFINERY BY 10% AS WELL! SOME DREAM JOB!
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH LOVER. ONE LOOK AT YOUR HOT TITS WILL PROBABLY MAKE THE FREAKY BASTARD'S BALLS EXPLODE! HA! HE MIGHT KILL HIMSELF FROM A LETHAL ERECTION BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO BREAK THAT ASSHOLE'S NECK!
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SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT EASY, HONEY. I'M GOING TO CHECK THE CARGO FOR DAMAGE. WANT TO JOIN ME?
I'LL MEET YOU THERE. I WANT TO ENJOY THE JUST-BEEN-FUCKED AFTERGLOW FOR AWHILE.
HA HA! YOU HORNY DYKE! I SHOULD WRITE YOU UP FOR SLACKING OFF ON DUTY! I COULD THROW YOU IN THE BRIG AND HAVE YOU TRY TO CONVINCE ME YOU'D BE A GOOD GIRL IF I LET YOU OUT. HUMM! THAT'S SOMETHING I SHOULD REMEMBER FOR LATER...
SUBJECT IDENTIFIED AS COLONEL WASP. ACCESS GRANTED.
KLAK!
SWOOSHHH!
LAST STOP, LADIES! I WISH I COULD SAY IT WAS A PLEASURE RUNNING YOUR SORRY ASSES ALL OVER THE SOLAR SYSTEM, BUT THAT WOULD BE A LIE. I'VE GOT BETTER THING TO DO WITH MY TIME THAN CHAUFFEUR A SHIPLOAD OF STUPID TERRORIST SYMPATHIZERS TO THEIR FINAL DESTINATION.
IF YOU'D BEEN ANY GOOD AT CRIME, YOU'D NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT. AND IF YOU WERE SMART, YOU'D HAVE BLOWN YOUR BRAINS OUT BEFORE BEING SENTENCED TO LIFE IN COPERNICUS. SOME OF YOU BIG-TITTED COWS DON'T BELIEVE ME. BUT TRUST ME, YOU WILL! HAHAHA!


COLLINS, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW THRILLING IT IS TO HAVE YOU ONBOARD. SEEING YOU HAULED UP LIKE A PATHETIC BAG OF SHIT IS MAKING MY CLITTY TINGLE WITH JOY!
DAMMIT! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN ON YOUR FEET FOR THE WHOLE TRIP! YOU KNOW COLLINS, FOR SOMEONE WHO SHOULD BE TRYING LIKE HELL TO GET ON MY GOOD SIDE, YOU'RE STARTING TO BE SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM. UP YOU GO!
THE BREATHING/FEEDING TUBE WAS STUFFED DOWN MY THROAT ALL THE WAY TO MY STOMACH. I COULDN'T SAY A WORD, BUT PURE HATE FLASHED IN MY EYES.
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KLAK!
I DON'T LIKE HIGH HEELS ON MY SLAVES. THEY SCUFF THE FLOOR! DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER TEACH YOU ANY MANNERS? THAT'S WHY I MAKE MY SLAVES CRAWL ON THEIR HANDS AND KNEES... LIKE A DOMESTICATED ANIMAL.
DO YOU THINK THAT'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO HANDLE, SLUT? DO YOU WANT TO BE MAMMA'S PERSONAL ANIMAL... MY OWN LITTLE BLONDE PET?
OH YES! THERE'S THE FIRE I WAS EXPECTING! YOU CAN GLARE DAGGERS AT ME ALL YOU WANT, SWEETIE. MAMA HAS HAD TO DEAL WITH STUBBORN MULES BEFORE, AND SHE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO.



YOU'RE THE FILTHY OFFSPRING OF A TERRORIST WHORE AND A LIMP-DICKED REVOLUTIONARY. SO WHEN AN OFFICER OF THE LAW SPEAKS TO YOU, YOU SHOW... RESPECT!
I COULDN'T SEE WHAT SHE HAD DONE, BUT SUDDENLY EVERY MUSCLE IN MY NUDE BODY WAS FILLED WITH LIQUID FIRE. PAIN FLOWED THROUGH ME, AND MY TEETH GROUND MADLY AGAINST THE HARD RUBBER HOSE WHICH IMPALED MY FACE. MY EYES ROLLED BACK IN MY HEAD AS THE EXPLOSION OF PAIN ROLLED ON. IF SHE SAID ANYTHING ELSE, I DIDN'T HEAR IT.
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SHINY! YOU LIT UP LIKE A FIREFLY! AW, POOR THING. YOU'VE LOST YOUR SERENITY, BUT MAYBE NOW YOU'LL PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR SUPERIORS, HUMM?
MMMPH!!!
ZAP!
POOR, EMPTY-HEADED BIMBO. YOU LOOK SO LOST AND ALONE. YOU ARE, OF COURSE. BUT STILL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK SO TRAGIC! HA HA HA! IF I EVER GET TIRED OF HURTING YOU, I CAN ALWAYS USE YOU AS A LIGHTNING ROD!
I IGNORED THE THREAT. I'D ALREADY MET COLONEL WASP, AND KNEW SHE'D NEVER GET TIRED OF HURTING ME. GRINDING WOMEN UNDERFOOT WAS WHAT TURNED HER ON. I'D SEEN HER DO IT TO MY MOTHER.


GOD, YOUR TITS MAKE MY MOUTH WATER. THEY LOOK DELICIOUS, EVEN BETTER THAN MINE! AND I'VE SUCKLED MY OWN TITS BEFORE, DARLING, SO THAT'S QUITE A COMPLIMENT! MMMM... WARM AND SOFT...
I OWN THESE JUGS NOW, SLUT. I CAN SUCK THESE MELONS ALL NIGHT, AND I WILL TOO. YOUR BIG, FIRM NIPS WERE MADE FOR NIBBLING. YOUR MOTHER MUST HAVE BEEN SO PROUD OF HER LITTLE GIRL.
C'MON LITTLE PIGGY. GET THAT SNATCH FLOWING... MOMMA WANTS A TASTE OF YOUR HONEY.
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KEEP TRYING SWEETIE, I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT. IF YOU MAKE MOMMA HAPPY I'LL KEEP YOU FOR MY OWN BEDMATE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A STRAIGHT GIRL LIKE YOU HAS BEEN MISSING.
BUT IF YOU GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE, I'LL THROW YOU TO THE PIGS! SURELY A SMART GIRL LIKE YOU HAS HEARD OF THE PIGS, RIGHT? TWO HUNDRED OF THE SICKEST, MOST VIOLENT CRIMINAL OFFENDERS ALL LOCKED UP TOGETHER WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT JACK OFF. ONCE THEY GET A WHIFF OF YOUR FRESH TWAT, THEY'LL GO INSANE!
HER STRONG FINGERS WORKED DEEPER INSIDE ME. I SHUDDERED UNDER HER TOUCH, BUT WAS HELPLESS BEFORE HER. I'D NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED IN MY LIFE. THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER WOMAN TOUCHING ME LIKE THAT WAS REPULSIVE, AND THE DISGUSTING THINGS SHE SAID SENT A CHILL DOWN MY SPINE. BUT I WAS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING MORE THAN SOB QUIETLY AS SHE FINGERED ME.


ONE MONTH EARLIER. LOS ANGELES. DEEP IN NEO-CHINATOWN.
SHIT! IT WAS A TRAP!


I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT, AND FAST! THEY DIDN'T GET ME ON VIDEO, DID THEY? FUCK! IF THE POLICE SAW ME AT THAT MEETING, IT'S ALL OVER!
-GASP!-
REEEE- ROOO!!!!
TEARS OF PANIC DRIED ON MY FACE AS I RAN THROUGH THE GARBAGE STREWN STREETS. I WAS OUT OF MY LEAGUE. I'D SCREWED UP, AND I KNEW IT. NO MATTER WHICH WAY I TURNED IN THAT RAT'S NEST OF ALLEYS, THE SIRENS GOT CLOSER AND CLOSER. I HUNCHED DOWN AND FORCED ANOTHER BURST OF SPEED FROM MY SHAKING LEGS.


HALT!
STOP WHERE YOU ARE,
TERRORIST FILTH!
ADRENALINE PUMPED THROUGH MY VEINS, AND I COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED EVEN IF I'D WANTED TO. WITH A SURGE OF FEAR, I SPRINTED DOWN THE STINKING ALLEY.
TYPICAL COWARDLY TRAITOR.
YOU AIN'T GOING ANYWHERE!
POOM!
NO!
AHHH!!!!
AT THE FIRST TOUCH OF THE NEURAL NET, I FELT MY LEGS GIVING WAY. BY THE TIME IT WAS DONE WRAPPING ME IN ITS STINGING EMBRACE, I'D TOTALLY LOST CONTROL OF MY BODY.
GOT YA!
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I TREMBLED INSIDE THE NET, VISIONS OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MY MOTHER AND FATHER FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES. I PEED ON MYSELF, AND THE WARMTH SPREADING FROM MY CROTCH KEPT ME FROM PASSING OUT COMPLETELY AS THE OFFICER RAN TOWARDS ME. WHEN HE SAW THE DAMP STAIN RUNNING DOWN MY LEGS, HE GRINNED IN TRIUMPH.
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT ANOTHER ONE FOR "SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT".
WRAP HER UP BOYS; THIS CHEAP SLAG HAS GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF HER!



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT I WISH I WERE ONE OF THOSE DOOMED ASSHOLES ON MARS! MAYBE I SHOULD JUST TAKE A PIECE OF YOUR ASS WHILE I'VE GOT THE TIME. HUMMM...
NAH, THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF COCKSUCKING CUM-SLUTS LIKE YOU TO AROUND. YOU GOT BIG TITS, GIRLIE. LET'S SEE HOW SENSITIVE THEY ARE.
AH... HUH?
© DOFANTASY.COM
KRAXXXX!!!!
ARGHH!!!!
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME MY BODY HAD BEEN USED AGAINST ME. I'D BLOSSOMED EARLY AS A YOUNG WOMAN, AND HAD ALWAYS BEEN SELF CONSCIOUS ABOUT MY BUXOM FIGURE. MY BREASTS ALWAYS SEEMED TOO TENDER AND RESPONSIVE. A TIGHT SWEATER OR LACY BRA COULD SEND FLUTTERS OF WARMTH THROUGH THEM FOR HOURS. BUT NOW, THEY WERE USED TO CONTROL ME. THE VOLTAGE FROM THE SHOX-STICK NEARLY SNAPPED MY SPINE.



HOW MUCH OF A BOUNTY DO WE GET FOR ONE THESE WHITE *WHORES?*
$300 A POP AND AN EXTRA *50* BUCKS IF THEY AREN'T *TOO* BANGED UP.
AH.....
YOU DON'T KNOW IT, HONEY, BUT YOU BETTER THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS THAT I'VE GOT *BILLS* TO PAY. OTHERWISE, I'D BE CONSIDERING *BANGING* YOU UP A BIT MYSELF! *HAW!*
ALRIGHT, THE MEAT LOCKER IS FULL! LET'S GET THE *FUCK* OUT OF THIS SLANT-EYED *GHETTO.* THESE YELLOW *BASTARDS* GIVE ME THE CREEPS.
UNGH....
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EACH JOLT THREW MY LIMP BODY AGAINST THE TANGLED PILE OF YOUNG WOMEN DUMPED IN THE BOTTOM OF THAT HORRIBLE VAN. FROM SOMEWHERE BENEATH ME I HEARD SOMEONE SOFTLY CRYING. AFTER A WHILE, I JOINED HER. MISERABLE TEARS RAN DOWN MY FACE.



TWO DAYS LATER.
INSIDE THE NORTH AMERICAN TERRORIST INTERROGATION/RENDITION SECURITY COMPLEX.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS. EVERYTHING WAS BLACK. I RAN THROUGH THE LIST OF EVERYONE I KNEW WHO WOULD MISS ME IF I SUDDENLY VANISHED. WITH GROWING HORROR I REALIZED THAT THERE WAS NO ONE WHO WOULD REPORT ME MISSING. AT LEAST, NOBODY WILLING TO STICK THEIR NECK OUT TO SAVE ME. I WAS COMPLETELY ALONE.
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW JOB COLONEL WASP. I HEAR YOU PULLED THE MARS PENAL COLONY ASSIGNMENT. THAT'S QUITE AN HONOR!
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THANK YOU, COMMANDER LENNART. I SHOULD CONGRATULATE YOU ALSO ON YOUR RECENT PROMOTION. YOU'RE NOW THE TOP TERRORIST HUNTER IN THE STATE!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT COLONEL! WHEN YOUR DEPARTMENT NEEDS MORE SEXY TERRORISTS FOR ANYTHING, YOU KNOW WHO CAN GET 'EM FOR YOU. IF WE CAN'T FIND ANY SEXY ENOUGH, I'LL JUST GRAB ANY CHICK THAT FITS THE PROFILE!
K-101
SNATCHED A SCHOOLTEACHER LAST WEEK. HAD HER TRIED, CONDEMNED AND EXECUTED IN 3 DAYS, THEN REALIZED I'D GRABBED THE WRONG BITCH! HA HA!
K-101
I'M GLAD YOU'RE SO DEDICATED, COMMANDER. BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT THIS BITCH IS GUILTY AS HELL. I'VE HAD MY EYE ON HER FOR A LONG TIME.
-BREEP-
NOW LET'S SEE IF SHE'S WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE YOU WENT THROUGH TO SNATCH HER ASS. HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE THE DAY I KILLED HER MOTHER IN FRONT OF HER VERY EYES!
YOU GO ON AHEAD. I SEE A ROACH THAT NEEDS TO BE STOMPED ON. GOOD THING I WORE MY SIZE 14 BOOTS TODAY.
11-B
I UNDERSTAND COMMANDER. EVEN IN THE FINEST MANSIONS, IT'S UP TO THE MAN OF THE HOUSE TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH!


THE PLACE SMELLED LIKE SHIT. AT FIRST I THOUGHT THEY HAD DUMPED ME IN A GARBAGE TRUCK AND I'D BEEN TOSSED INTO THE SEWER. THEN A SHOT RANG OUT FOLLOWED BY A CRY SUDDENLY CUT OFF. A POLICE HAND-CANNON! I WAS IN PRISON! THE SUDDEN WAY THE SCREAM WAS SILENCED FILLED ME WITH DREAD, BUT THE VOICE I HEARD NEXT WAS WORSE.
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A SMOOTH TUMMY TOPPED WITH FAT UDDERS. I'D RECOGNIZE THAT SLAG ANYWHERE! HANGING THERE LIKE A BIG-TITTED SIDE OF MEAT, SHE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HER MOTHER!
WHAT DO YOU THINK COMMANDER LENNART? DO YOU THINK THIS PIECE OF ASS IS GOOD ENOUGH TO SEND TO MARS? MARSEXXON EXPECTS THE VERY BEST POON FROM US.
I'D RATE HER AS GRADE "A" FUCKMEAT, COLONEL WASP. IF YOU'RE NOT SURE, LEAVE HER HERE. I'M SURE MY SQUAD CAN THINK OF MANY USES FOR A TRAITOROUS JUNKIE SLUT!
HEAR THAT, PRECIOUS? MUMMY AND DADDY LOVE YOU SO MUCH THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR ATTENTION? SHE'S STILL GROGGY FROM THE DRUGS YOU'VE BEEN FORCE-FEEDING HER. CAN YOU WAKE HER UP?

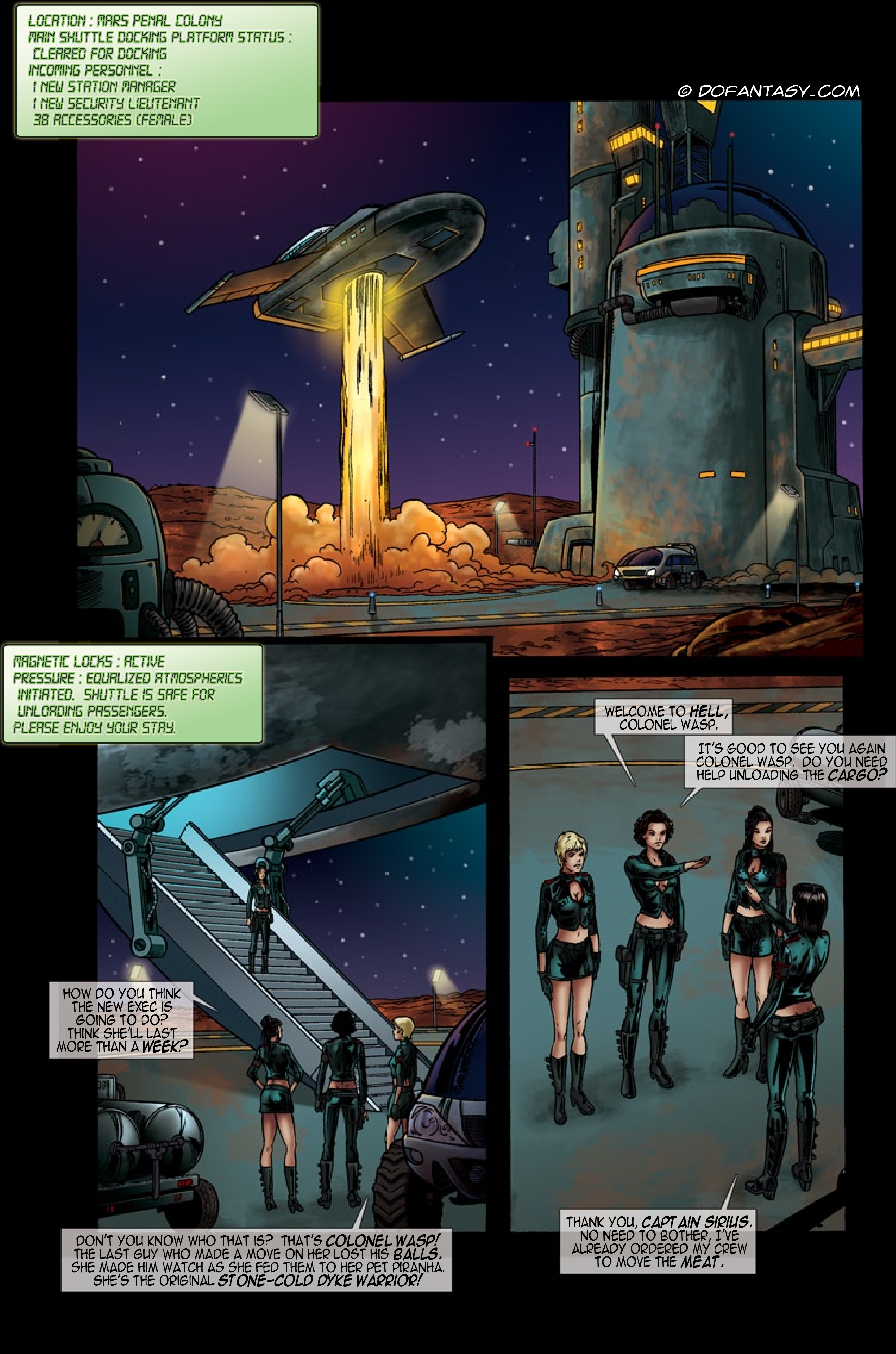

THE SHOCK OF THE ICY WATER WAS SO PAINFUL THAT AT FIRST I THOUGHT I'D BEEN STABBED CLEAN THROUGH MY BODY. I SHIVERED AND WAITED TO DIE, BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED IN BECOMING MORE AWARE OF MY SURROUNDINGS. THE STENCH INSIDE THAT SUFFOCATING HOOD... THE TASTE OF THE HARD RUBBER GAG FILLING MY MOUTH.
NO PROBLEM. THE DRUGS USUALLY WEAR OF IN A FEW HOURS. SHE MUST HAVE... HEH HEH... ACCIDENT ALLY... BEEN GIVEN A DOUBLE DOSE. HEY! WAKE UP, BITCH!
SHE'S GOT A HOT BODY. IF HER FACE ISN'T AS SEXY AS HER TITS, I'LL FUCK HER WITH THE BAG ON! HAW! I'D BE ASHAMED IF ANYONE FOUND OUT I BANGED AN UGLY CHICK!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YA!
UH... UNGH....
HOW COULD I FORGET THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT? THE HUMILIATION OF MY MOTHER, HER PLEAS... HER SCREAMS... SHE DIED WITH A SMILE, HER FACE TURNED TOWARDS ME...
HEY! SHE'S PRETTY SEXY WHEN SHE'S ALL CLEANED UP! ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO SHIP THIS WHORE TO MARS? SEEMS LIKE A WASTE, YOU KNOW? I'VE HEARD ABOUT WHAT THEY DO TO WOMEN THERE....
I'M SURE, COMMANDER. WE'VE GOT SOMETHING OF A HISTORY. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, ANDREA?
I WAS THE ONE THAT EXECUTED YOUR FATHER. HE DIED ON HIS KNEES, BEGGING LIKE A COWARD. LATER I TOOK YOUR MOTHER TO MY BED. SHE SAID SHE'D DO ANYTHING TO PROTECT YOU! THE DIRTY SLUT GAVE ME HUNDREDS OF ORGASMS. REMEMBER THAT LAST NIGTH IN FRONT OF YOU?


SINCE THAT NIGTH YOU'RE AN ORPHAN, ANDREA. I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO PROTECT YOU. THAT'S OK, I DON'T MIND BEING YOUR NEW MUMMY! COMMANDER, WOULD YOU STRIP THE PRISONER, PLEASE?
WITH PLEASURE!
© DOFANTASY.COM
YOU'RE A KNOCKOUT, BLONDIE! IF THERE HADN'T BEEN A SPECIAL ORDER PUT ON YOUR ASS, I'D HAVE TAKEN YOU ANYWAY. I'D WHORE YOU OUT TO MY BUDDIES IN THE STATION. DAMN! YOUR FAT JUGS ALONE COULD HAVE MADE ME RICH!
DOES THIS CUNT HAVE ANY SISTERS?
I WISH! NO, SHE'S ONE OF A KIND, AND NOW SHE'S MINE. YOU'RE GOING TO MARS WITH ME, SUGAR-TITS. I'VE GOT A PLACE ALL PICKED OUT FOR YOU... BETWEEN MY LEGS LAPPING MY DRIPPING MUFF! YOU'LL LEARN TO LOVE THE TASTE OF MY CUM, OR I'LL MAKE YOU MAD SATAN'S FUCKTOY BEFORE YOU CAN SHAKE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD!
MARS? NO! DEAR GOD, NO!!!



WE LIFT OFF IN THE MORNING. UNTIL THEN, I'M LEAVING YOU IN LENNART'S HANDS! ENJOY YOUR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH, MY LITTLE SLUT!
NO WORRIES ABOUT THAT, BLONDIE. I'M GONNA MAKE SURE THAT THIS IS ONE NIGHT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOR THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!
NO! DON'T... JUST DON'T....
A TIED-UP WHORE AND SOUNDPROOFED WALLS. NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A MATCH MADE IN FUCKIN' HEAVEN!
© DOFANTASY.COM
IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THIS WAY! I'M INNOCENT! OH GOD, THIS BASTARD CAN DO ANYTHING HE WANTS TO ME, AND NO ONE WOULD EVEN HEAR ME IF I COULD SCREAM FOR HELP. -SOB- THEY WOULDN'T CARE EITHER... OH NO... PLEASE, NO....
FIRST IMPRESSIONS ARE IMPORTANT WHEN STARTING A NEW RELATIONSHIP, SO I'LL BE ON MY BEST BEHAVIOR. I'LL BE POLITE AND ASK YOU WHAT YOU WANT REAMED FIRST; YOUR WET CUNT OR TIGHT ASS! HAW HAW!


SO YOU'RE THE QUIET TYPE, EH? THAT'S COOL WITH ME, CHICK. I DON'T LIKE MY FUCKMEAT TO BE TOO CHATTY. IT'S USUALLY NOTHING MORE THAN "HAVE MERCY ON ME! PLEASE DON'T DEFILE ME LIKE THIS!" HAW HAW! I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE!
OOF!
BETTER ENJOY EVERY INCH OF MY DICK, BUTTERCUP. WHEN COLONEL WASP GETS HER HOOKS INTO YOU, YOU AIN'T GONNA GET NOTHING BUT FISH TACOS TO LICK AND BOOBS TO SUCK. THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO RIDE A REAL STALLION!
THUD!!
NNGHHAA!
RELAX THAT ASS AND LET IT HAPPEN, WHORE! I'M NOT STOPPING TILL EVERY INCH OF MY FUCK-STICK IS BURIED IN YOUR CRAPPER. THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, SO JUST ACCEPT IT. YEAH! THAT'S IT....
-SOB- WHY? WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME? AHHH!!!!
© DOFANTASY.COM
IT WAS THE LONGEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE. HE DIDN'T STOP, EVEN AFTER HE HAD SHOT A LOAD DEEP IN MY ASS AND DOWN MY SORE THROAT. HE ENJOYED SEEING ME SUFFER. HE ORDERED ME TO GET HIM HARD AGAIN, AND WHEN I COULDN'T HE SLAPPED MY TITS UNTIL I NEARLY PASSED OUT. THEN HE RUBBED HIS SOILED COCK IN MY HAIR... IT WAS AWFUL. IN THE END I WAS DOING ANYTHING I COULD TO GET HIM TO STOP. I APOLOGIZED FOR BEING AN UNGRATEFUL WHORE... THANKED HIM FOR VIOLATING ME. KISSED HIS ASS....BEGGED LIKE A DOG....


LOCATION : MARS PENAL COLONY
MAIN SHUTTLE DOCKING PLATFORM STATUS :
CLEARED FOR DOCKING
INCOMING PERSONNEL :
1 NEW STATION MANAGER
1 NEW SECURITY LIEUTENANT
38 ACCESSORIES (FEMALE)
© DOFANTASY.COM
MAGNETIC LOCKS : ACTIVE
PRESSURE : EQUALIZED ATMOSPHERICS INITIATED. SHUTTLE IS SAFE FOR UNLOADING PASSENGERS.
PLEASE ENJOY YOUR STAY.
HOW DO YOU THINK THE NEW EXEC IS GOING TO DO? THINK SHE'LL LAST MORE THAN A WEEK?
DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS? THAT'S COLONEL WASP! THE LAST GUY WHO MADE A MOVE ON HER LOST HIS BALLS. SHE MADE HIM WATCH AS SHE FED THEM TO HER PET PIRANHA. SHE'S THE ORIGINAL STONE-COLD DYKE WARRIOR!
WELCOME TO HELL, COLONEL WASP.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN COLONEL WASP. DO YOU NEED HELP UNLOADING THE CARGO?
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN SIRIUS. NO NEED TO BOTHER, I'VE ALREADY ORDERED MY CREW TO MOVE THE MEAT.

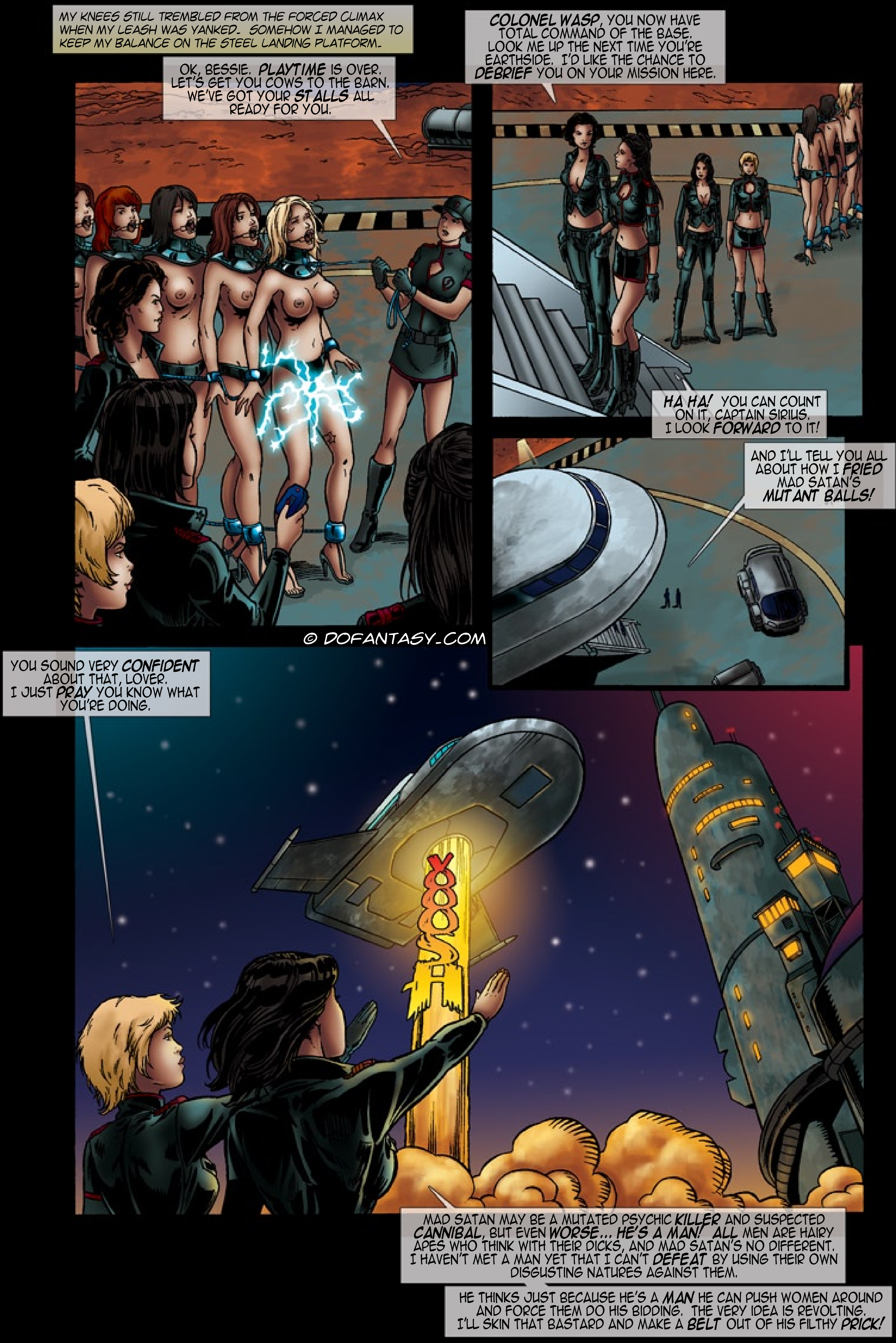


I'VE GIVEN THE TASK TO MY THIRD IN COMMAND, CORPORAL LAY. PERSONALLY I THINK SHE ENJOYS PLAYING WITH THAT SORRY LOT OF SKANKS. THEY'RE NO FUN WHEN THEY'RE IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION ON THE FLIGHT OVER!
GIDDY-UP, HEIFERS! HEE-YA!
THAT'S A NICE LOAD OF SWEET SNATCH YOU'RE BRINGING IN. I ENVY YOU, WE RAN OUT OF FRESH PINK GASH WITHIN A WEEK OF LANDING.
A WEEK? HOW ON EARTH DID THAT HAPPEN, CAPTAIN SIRIUS?
© DOFANTASY.COM
YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT MAD SATAN AND HIS OUTRAGEOUS DEMANDS, COLONEL. HE KEPT DEMANDING NEW PLAYMATES, ONE AFTER ANOTHER UNTIL THERE WERE NONE LEFT. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE HUMANE TO JUST KICK THE BIMBOS OUT OF THE AIRLOCK AND FINISH THEM OFF QUICKLY.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT ASSHOLE, AND I'M HERE TO PUT A STOP TO HIM... PERMANENTLY.
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR MISSION, COLONEL. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT WITH THAT RAVING LUNATIC IN CHARGE OF THE REFINERY.


HEY, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN THOSE BEFORE. WHAT ARE THEY?
YOU MEAN THE "TWAT-SOCKET"? THEY JUST CAME OUT ABOUT 2 MONTHS AGO. THEY HAVE ALL THE FEATURES OF THE ELECTRIC NUT-BUSTERS, WITH A FEW SURPRISES THROWN IN.
SEE THE RING-GAGS? THOSE ARE A NEW MODEL AS WELL. SPRING LOADED ONES. SOMETHING THE WOMEN IN PSYCHO-RESEARCH CAME UP WITH. THE CATTLE ARE GAGGED AT ALL TIMES. IT KEEPS THESE AGGRESSIVE CRIMINALS IN LINE.
WHEN USED WITH THE TWAT-SOCKET, EVERY SECOND OF A FUCK-PIG'S LIFE IS CONTROLLED. WHEN SHE CAN EAT, WHEN SHE CAN EMPTY HER BOWELS. AN OPERATOR CAN EVEN REGULATE THE FREQUENCY AND LEVELS OF PLEASURE OF AN INMATE'S SEXUAL ACTIVITY.
AGHH! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS THING OUT OF MY MOUTH, OR I'LL GO CRAZY! AHHH!
THE LIVESTOCK IS ALL UNLOADED, MA'AM!
OBSERVE HOW THE TWAT-SOCKET IS CONNECTED TO THAT BLONDE COW. IT SENSES EVERY MOVEMENT OF HER BOUNCING JUGS AND SWAYING HIPS, AND THEN RESPONDS. RIGHT NOW IT'S IN "PACIFY" MODE.
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. IT'S BUZZING AND THROBBING AGAINST HER CLIT. LOOK AT HER JUGS TREMBLE! THE SLUT IS GETTING TURNED ON!
THIS IS SO HUMILIATING! I CAN'T HELP IT! EVERY TIME I BREATHE IT VIBRATES HARDER!...! OH GOD....



IT'S KEEPING THE CRIMINALS RELAXED, CAPTAIN. IF THE SLUT MAKES ANY SUDDEN MOVES, IT WILL SHOCK HER CLITTY. THE WHORE WILL FEEL LIKE SHE'S HAD A CAR BATTERY SHOVED UP HER CUNT! THAT'S A LESSON EVEN STUPID BIMBOS LIKE THESE CAN UNDERSTAND.
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. GET A LOAD OF THIS...
TERRORIST SWINE LIKE THESE CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES. WE HAVE TO DO THEIR THINKING FOR THEM. THAT'S WHERE THIS LITTLE BABY COMES IN HANDY.
WATCH GOLDILOCKS CLOSELY.
© DOFANTASY.COM
AAIEEEEE!!!
KRAKKKLLM
I'LL PUT IT ON THE "AUTOGASM" SETTING NOW.
SHE'S CUMMING AND CRYING AT THE SAME TIME! SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING IT EITHER.
GAHH!! YI-YI-YII!!!!
NO WONDER! THE SHOCKER IS STILL ZAPPING HER BUD AS SHE CLIMAXES! LOOK AT HER CUM! WHAT A SLUT!
BZT!
IT WAS TRUE. THE SEARING PAIN SHOCKING MY RAW PUSSY WAS TOO MUCH, AND I CAME AS THEY WATCHED. I FELT LIKE AN ANIMAL THAT HAD BEEN TROTTED OUT TO PERFORM TRICKS FOR HER MASTER. IT WAS DEGRADING, AND THE FEELING OF MY CUM DRIPPING DOWN MY LEGS FILLED ME WITH EVEN GREATER SHAME.


MY KNEES STILL TREMBLED FROM THE FORCED CLIMAX WHEN MY LEASH WAS YANKED. SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO KEEP MY BALANCE ON THE STEEL LANDING PLATFORM.
OK, BESSIE. PLAYTIME IS OVER. LET'S GET YOU COWS TO THE BARN. WE'VE GOT YOUR STALLS ALL READY FOR YOU.
COLONEL WASP, YOU NOW HAVE TOTAL COMMAND OF THE BASE. LOOK ME UP THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE EARTHSIDE. I'D LIKE THE CHANCE TO DEBRIEF YOU ON YOUR MISSION HERE.
HA HA! YOU CAN COUNT ON IT, CAPTAIN SIRIUS. I LOOK FORWARD TO IT!
AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HOW I FRIED MAD SATAN'S MUTANT BALLS!
© DOFANTASY.COM
YOU SOUND VERY CONFIDENT ABOUT THAT, LOVER. I JUST PRAY YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
MAD SATAN MAY BE A MUTATED PSYCHIC KILLER AND SUSPECTED CANNIBAL, BUT EVEN WORSE... HE'S A MAN! ALL MEN ARE HAIRY APES WHO THINK WITH THEIR DICKS, AND MAD SATAN'S NO DIFFERENT. I HAVEN'T MET A MAN YET THAT I CAN'T DEFEAT BY USING THEIR OWN DISGUSTING NATURES AGAINST THEM.
HE THINKS JUST BECAUSE HE'S A MAN HE CAN PUSH WOMEN AROUND AND FORCE THEM DO HIS BIDDING. THE VERY IDEA IS REVOLTING. I'LL SKIN THAT BASTARD AND MAKE A BELT OUT OF HIS FILTHY PRICK!

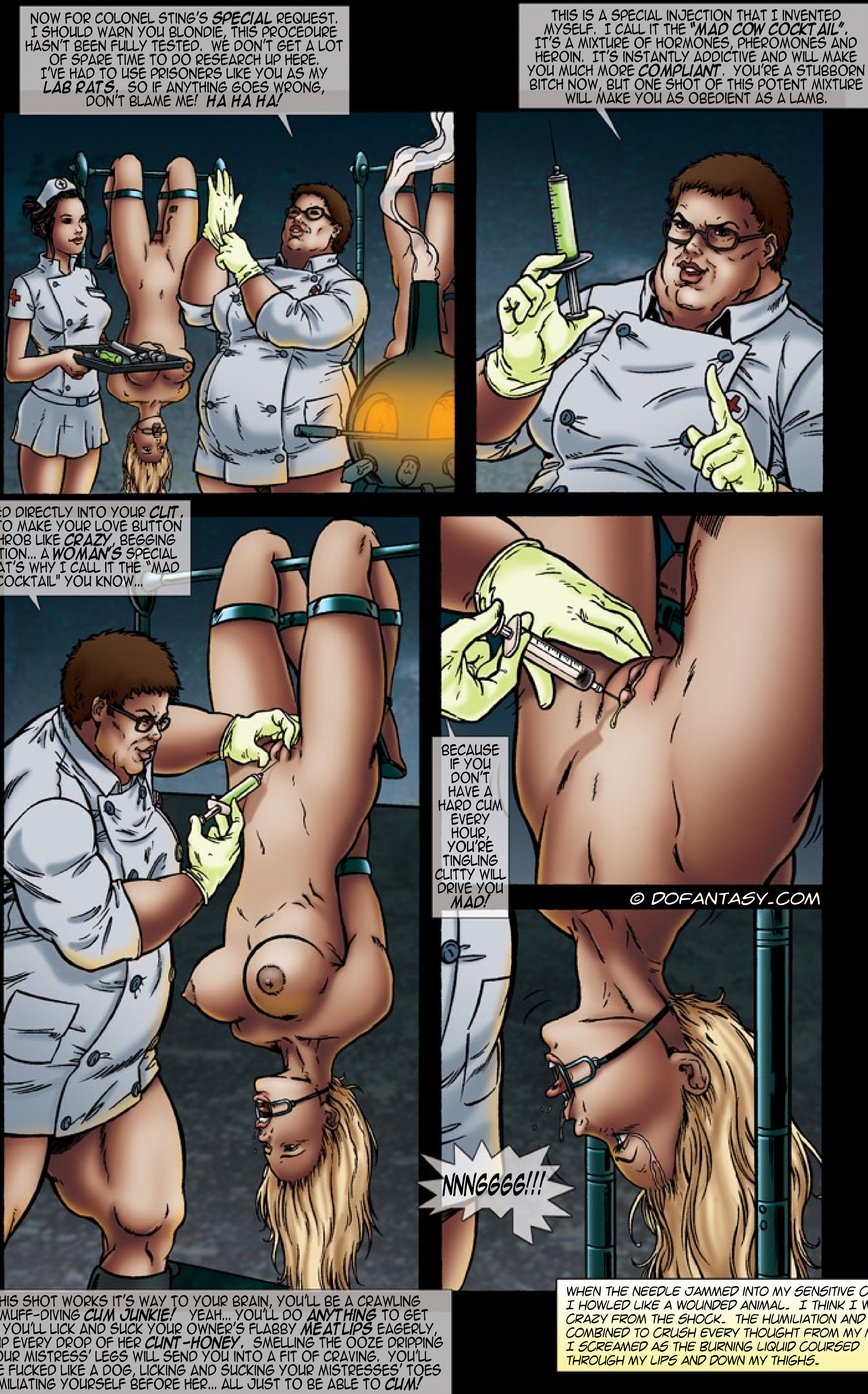


CENTRAL CONTROL TOWER
AT EASE, CORPORAL. CAPTAIN SIRIUS HAS OFFICIALLY HANDED OVER COMMAND OF COPERNICUS TO ME. I'LL BE YOUR NEW STATION COMMANDER FOR THE NEXT 6 MONTHS. THE LIEUTENANT AND I WERE JUST HAVING A LOOK AROUND.
I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR TOUR CORPORAL, BUT SOMETHING HAS COME UP THAT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE. IT'S MAD SATAN...
THAT DICKWAD DOESN'T WASTE ANY TIME, DOES HE? COME ON, STING. LET'S SEE WHAT THIS BASTARD WANTS.
WOW! SHE'S SO CONFIDENT AND COMMANDING. I WONDER IF SHE'D GO FOR A LEZZIE THREEWAY?
© DOFANTASY.COM
IS THAT YOU, COLONEL WASP? WHIP-ONE TOLD ME YOU'D LANDED. IT'S TIME YOU GOT YOUR SKINNY ASS TO WORK! I NEED NEW CUNTS! THIS USED UP SLAG IS ALL STRETCHED OUT AND WORTHLESS! SHE CAN HARDLY KEEP HER ASS CLOSED ANY MORE! GIMMIE FRESH POONTANG! NOW!
24
AGHH!
WATCH YOUR TONGUE, INMATE! I'M THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THIS REFINERY, AND YOU WILL TREAT ME WITH RESPECT. GOT IT?
"RESPECT" IS A BIG WORD. DO YOU WANT ME TO EXPLAIN WHAT IT MEANS?
I KNOW ALL ABOUT RESPECT, MUFF-DIVER. I BEEN TEACHING IT TO "SLOPPYCUNT" HERE. SHOW THE BULLDYKE WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED, COCKSLAVE!
I... I RESPECT MY MASTER BY WORSHIPING HIS BEAUTIFUL COCK WITH MY MOUTH, MY LIPS... -CHOKE- MY TONGUE. I AM HUMAN GARBAGE... A STUPID WHITE SLUT WHO DESERVES ANYTHING HE -SOB-... HE DOES TO ME... ALL WHITE SLUTS LIKE ME SHOULD SERVE STRONG, BLACK MEN. I... -GAG- I AM HAPPY BEING MAD SATAN'S BLONDE PUNCHING BAG... I DESERVE IT... HE MAKES ME SO HAPPY....
YOU FILTHY ANIMAL! IF I HAD MY WAY, ALL MEN WOULD BE CASTRATED! STARTING WITH YOU!
YOU MADE A MISTAKE PISSING ME OFF, INMATE. I MIGHT HAVE PUT UP WITH SOME OF YOUR CRAP AS LONG AS YOU KEPT THE MARTINITE COMING. BUT I'LL NEVER STAND FOR BEING DISRESPECTED BY A GREASY, SLACK-JAWED MALE!


YOU THINKIN' ABOUT ZAPPING MY NUTS, LEZZIE? GETTING MY SACK OUT OF THIS ELECTRIC NOOSE WAS THE FIRST THING I DID WHEN I TOOK OVER THIS STINKIN' DUMP! IF YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO COME INSIDE THIS METAL PIGSTY, RUG-MUNCHER.
BUT BEFORE YOU DO, DOUCHE OUT THAT NASTY FISH TRAP YOU GOT BETWEEN YOUR LEGS. SHAVE YOUR BEAVER TOO. I HATE WASTING MY TIME PICKING HAIRY PUBES OUT OF MY TEETH. HAW HAW HAW!
YOU GETTIN' THE PICTURE, CLITTY-LICKER? YOU'RE ON MY TURF NOW. AND YOU'RE GONNA TUCK YOUR TAIL BETWEEN YOUR LEGS, AND DO AS YOU'RE TOLD JUST LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL. COMPRENDE?
YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN EXECUTION ORDER MAD SATAN. CORPORAL, GET THAT ASSHOLE OFF MY MONITOR. LOOKING AT HIS FACE IS MAKING ME SICK.
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WE'VE TRIED SHUTTING HIM OUT OF WHIP-ONE, BUT IT'S NO USE. EVEN HEADQUARTERS CAN'T LINK UP FROM EARTH. EVERY TIME WE TRY TO HACK IN, HE SCRAMBLES THE SIGNAL. TO TELL THE TRUTH, NOBODY'S EVEN SURE HOW HE'S DOING IT.
HOW ABOUT THE DIRECT APPROACH? HAVE YOU SENT IN AN ASSASSINATION SQUAD?
WE'RE NOT AUTHORIZED FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT. MARSEXXON AND THE GOVERNMENT ARE READY TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY AS LONG AS MAD SATAN KEEPS THE REFINERY RUNNING AND MEETS THE ORE SCHEDULES. AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, THEY'RE WILLING TO WAIT UNTIL THE SWINE DIES OF OLD AGE BEFORE THEY'D AGREE TO A COMMANDO RAID.


LOCATION : CONTROL TOWER SUBLEVEL, "THE BARN"
DUTIES : DECONTAMINATION/PROCESSING. PREPARATION FOR INDUSTRIAL USE.
EQUIPMENT AUTHORIZED : BRANDING, ELECTRICAL RESTRAINTS, CORRECTIVE SURGERY.
ATTENDING PHYSICIAN : DOCTOR HELENA "HELL" BUTCHER
I'VE ALREADY RAN THESE GIRLS THROUGH THE FLEA BATH. YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT SORT OF PARASITES AND VERMIN THESE GUTTER SLUTS PICK UP WHILE LIVING ON THE STREETS. THEY BARELY CLASSIFY AS HUMAN IN MY BOOK.
I'LL PREPARE YOUR INSTRUMENTS, DOCTOR. I'M SURE YOU'LL WANT TO GET STARTED IMMEDIATELY.
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I DIDN'T HAVE ANY TIME TO SAVOR THE FREEDOM WHEN THE "TWAT SOCKET" WAS FINALLY REMOVED. MY LEGS WERE QUICKLY LOCKED AROUND A STEEL BAR AND I WAS HOISTED UPSIDE DOWN. I'D NEVER SCREAMED SO LOUDLY BEFORE. MY KNEES FELT LIKE THEY WERE GOING TO CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN, AND MY WHOLE BODY SHOOK IN AGONY.
YOU'RE MISS ANDREA COLLINS? YOU MUST HAVE CAUGHT THE EYE OF OUR NEW COMMANDER. SHE'S PUT IN A UNUSUAL REQUEST FOR YOUR TREATMENT. SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL!

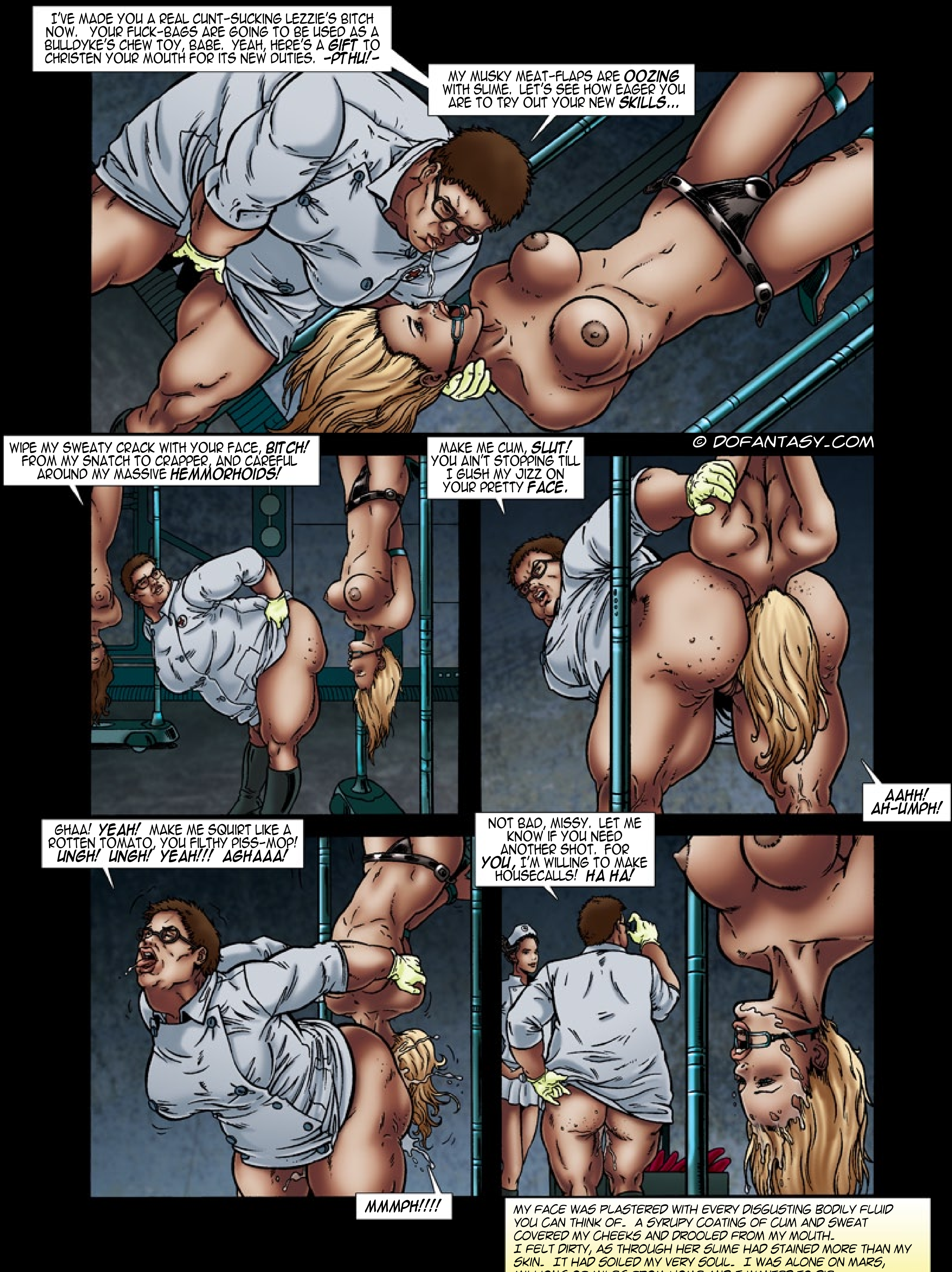

ALL FEMALE PRISONERS ON "COPERNICUS" NEED TO BE BRANDED. IT'S MORE THAN A MARK SHOWING YOU TO BE A WORTHLESS WHITE-TRASH CRIMINAL. IT ALSO SERVES A VITAL JOB.
YOU SEE, MAD SATAN CAN'T ALWAYS CONTROL HIS TEMPER. HE'S BEEN KNOWN TO KILL THE SLUTS HE'S FUCKING. OFTEN WE GET THE WHOLE BODY BACK. SOMETIMES IT'S ONLY PIECES.
WITH A BRAND, AT LEAST WE'LL KNOW WHO THE PIECES BELONGED TO!
GGHAAAAA!!!! AAAIEEEEE!!!!
I GNASHED BLINDLY AT THE RING IN MY MOUTH, ALMOST BREAKING MY TEETH.
© DOFANTASY.COM
GHAA!!!
NOW WE ALSO GOTTA ADD YOU TO THE COMPANY INVENTORY. YOU'RE NOT REALLY HUMAN, ARE YOU GIRLIE? YOU'RE JUST A PIECE OF PROPERTY TO BE USED, LIKE A ROLL OF TOILET PAPER OR A USED TAMPON.
AND JUST LIKE A TAMPON, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SPENDING MOST OF YOUR TIME JAMMED IN THE NEW COMMANDER'S CROTCH! HA HA HA!
THE SEARING AGONY TORE THROUGH MY LEG, AND I KNEW THAT A PART OF MY HUMANITY HAD BEEN RIPPED AWAY FROM ME. I'D NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN. IT DIDN'T MATTER IF I LIVED ANOTHER 50 YEARS OR 5 MINUTES. FROM THIS POINT ON, I WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A NUMBER. A USELESS NUMBER AT THAT.



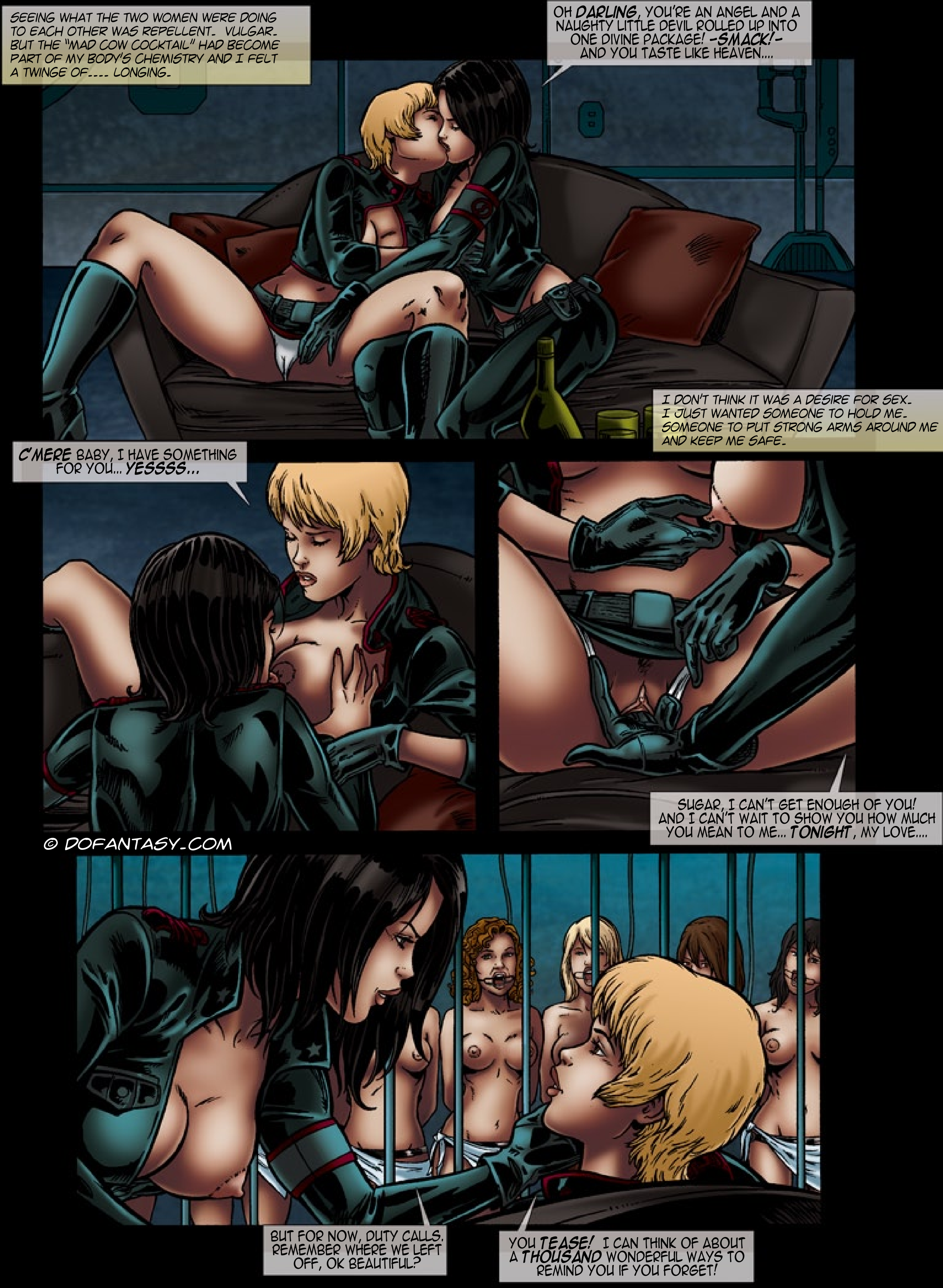
NOW FOR COLONEL STING'S SPECIAL REQUEST. I SHOULD WARN YOU BLONDIE, THIS PROCEDURE HASN'T BEEN FULLY TESTED. WE DON'T GET A LOT OF SPARE TIME TO DO RESEARCH UP HERE. I'VE HAD TO USE PRISONERS LIKE YOU AS MY LAB RATS. SO IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, DON'T BLAME ME! HA HA HA!
THIS IS A SPECIAL INJECTION THAT I INVENTED MYSELF. I CALL IT THE "MAD COW COCKTAIL". IT'S A MIXTURE OF HORMONES, PHEROMONES AND HEROIN. IT'S INSTANTLY ADDICTIVE AND WILL MAKE YOU MUCH MORE COMPLIANT. YOU'RE A STUBBORN BITCH NOW, BUT ONE SHOT OF THIS POTENT MIXTURE WILL MAKE YOU AS OBEDIENT AS A LAMB.
IT'S INJECTED DIRECTLY INTO YOUR CLIT. ITS GOING TO MAKE YOUR LOVE BUTTON ITCH AND THROB LIKE CRAZY, BEGGING FOR ATTENTION... A WOMAN'S SPECIAL TOUCH.. THAT'S WHY I CALL IT THE "MAD COW COCKTAIL" YOU KNOW...
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T HAVE A HARD CUM EVERY HOUR, YOU'RE TINGLING CLITTY WILL DRIVE YOU MAD!
© DOFANTASY.COM
NNNGGGG!!!
ONCE THIS SHOT WORKS IT'S WAY TO YOUR BRAIN, YOU'LL BE A CRAWLING BLONDE MUFF-DIVING CUM JUNKIE! YEAH... YOU'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET YOUR FIX. YOU'LL LICK AND SUCK YOUR OWNER'S FLABBY MEATLIPS EAGERLY, SLURPING UP EVERY DROP OF HER CUNT-HONEY. SMELLING THE OOZE DRIPPING DOWN YOUR MISTRESS' LEGS WILL SEND YOU INTO A FIT OF CRAVING. YOU'LL BEG TO BE FUCKED LIKE A DOG, LICKING AND SUCKING YOUR MISTRESSES' TOES AND HUMILIATING YOURSELF BEFORE HER... ALL JUST TO BE ABLE TO CUM!
WHEN THE NEEDLE JAMMED INTO MY SENSITIVE CLIT I HOWLED LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL. I THINK I WENT CRAZY FROM THE SHOCK. THE HUMILIATION AND PAIN COMBINED TO CRUSH EVERY THOUGHT FROM MY MIND. I SCREAMED AS THE BURNING LIQUID COURSED THROUGH MY LIPS AND DOWN MY THIGHS.



THE INJECTION CRAWLED THROUGH MY LEGS LIKE ANTS THROUGH AN ANTHILL. MY BREATH CAME IN SHORT GASPS AND I FELT MY HEART POUNDING SO HARD I THOUGHT IT WOULD RIP THROUGH MY CHEST. THE OBESE WOMAN DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO NOTICE.
YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THE INJECTION LATER SWEETIE. YOU'LL LEARN THAT LEZZIES DON'T NEED A MAN TO FEEL COMPLETE. WE STILL NEED THE FEELING OF A HARD COCK THOUGH! THAT'S WHERE TECHNOLOGY HELPS.
AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL? -SLURP!- THEY LOOK AND FEEL LIKE THE REAL THING, ONLY BETTER! THESE AREN'T YOUR TYPICAL LATEX DILDOS. EACH ONE HAS A SPECIAL COATING THAT BURNS WHEN IT COMES INTO CONTACT WITH FEMALE CUM. HAVE A CLIMAX WITH THESE DONGS AND IT WILL STING LIKE HELL!
© DOFANTASY.COM
IN YA GO, MY PRETTIES!
BOTTOMED OUT AFTER ALL 14 INCHES. YOU'RE STUFFED TIGHTER THAN A JAR OF PICKLES!
NAAA!!! STOFFF!
MY BODY CLENCHED TIGHTLY AROUND THE INVADING RUBBER DILDOS TRYING TO SQUEEZE THEM FROM MY TORTURED ASS AND PUSSY. BUT IT WAS USELESS. I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TRIED TO STOP A TIDALWAVE WITH MY BARE HANDS. INCH BY INCH THE THICK TUBE DISAPPEARED INSIDE ME UNTIL ONLY THE BASE SHOWED BETWEEN MY BOUND LEGS.
YOU'RE GOING TO REMAIN SEALED TIGHT UNTIL COLONEL WASP ALLOWS IT. NO PISSING OR SHITTING WITHOUT HER PERMISSION, FUCK-PIG! YOU BETTER HOPE SHE'S IN A GOOD MOOD OR YOU'LL STAY LIKE THIS FOR DAYS!


I'VE MADE YOU A REAL CUNT-SUCKING LEZZIE'S BITCH NOW. YOUR FUCK-BAGS ARE GOING TO BE USED AS A BULLDYKE'S CHEW TOY, BABE. YEAH, HERE'S A GIFT TO CHRISTEN YOUR MOUTH FOR ITS NEW DUTIES. -PTHU!-
MY MUSKY MEAT-FLAPS ARE OOZING WITH SLIME. LET'S SEE HOW EAGER YOU ARE TO TRY OUT YOUR NEW SKILLS...
© DOFANTASY.COM
WIPE MY SWEATY CRACK WITH YOUR FACE, BITCH! FROM MY SNATCH TO CRAPPER, AND CAREFUL AROUND MY MASSIVE HEMMORHOIDS!
MAKE ME CUM, SLUT! YOU AIN'T STOPPING TILL I GUSH MY JIZZ ON YOUR PRETTY FACE.
AAHH! AH-UMPH!
GHAA! YEAH! MAKE ME SQUIRT LIKE A ROTTEN TOMATO, YOU FILTHY PISS-MOP! UNGH! UNGH! YEAH!!! AGHAAA!
MMMPH!!!!
NOT BAD, MISSY. LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANOTHER SHOT. FOR YOU, I'M WILLING TO MAKE HOUSECALLS! HA HA!
MY FACE WAS PLASTERED WITH EVERY DISGUSTING BODILY FLUID YOU CAN THINK OF. A SYRUPY COATING OF CUM AND SWEAT COVERED MY CHEEKS AND DROOLED FROM MY MOUTH. I FELT DIRTY, AS THROUGH HER SLIME HAD STAINED MORE THAN MY SKIN. IT HAD SOILED MY VERY SOUL. I WAS ALONE ON MARS, MILLIONS OF MILES FROM HOME AND I WANTED TO DIE.


THE NEXT DAY SOME OF THE NEW INMATES WERE GATHERED TOGETHER FOR THE OFFICIAL INSPECTION. WE WORE THE STANDARD PENAL COLONY UNIFORM FOR INMATES. UNIFORM. HA! THAT'S A LAUGH! THE GARMENT WAS SO SHORT THAT IT HID NOTHING. THE ONLY REASON FOR THE SKIMPY PIECE OF CLOTH WAS TO MAKE US REALIZE HOW NAKED WE WERE. HOW COMPLETELY EXPOSED TO THE GUARDS EYES... AND PROBING HANDS....
THE SPRING GAG WAS THE WORST. IT PRIED MY JAWS WIDE OPEN, ALMOST TO THE POINT OF DISLOCATION.
IF YOU TRIED, YOU COULD BITE DOWN A LITTLE BIT, BUT EVENTUALLY IT WOULD SNAP BACK OPEN AGAIN, HURTING EVEN WORSE THAN BEFORE.
ALONE AT LAST, HONEY. OH, HOW I'VE MISSED YOUR TONGUE! MMMM... YOU ARE SO SEXY, DARLING....
OH YES, LOVER. FEEL MY DAMP PUSSY? IT'S ALL WET FOR YOU, MY LOVE. I NEED TO FEEL YOUR TOUCH.... YOUR TASTE. MNMMMM.
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THE HUGE DILDOS BUZZED INSIDE ME, CAUSING ME TO GET DAMP AGAINST MY WILL. ANY DROP OF CUM THAT TOUCHED THE RUBBERY DEVICE SIZZLED. IT FELT LIKE THE VIBRATORS WERE DIPPED IN ACID. THE PAIN WAS INHUMAN. IT FELT LIKE I WAS BEING BOILED FROM THE INSIDE OUT.


SEEING WHAT THE TWO WOMEN WERE DOING TO EACH OTHER WAS REPELLENT. VULGAR. BUT THE "MAD COW COCKTAIL" HAD BECOME PART OF MY BODY'S CHEMISTRY AND I FELT A TWINGE OF.... LONGING.
OH DARLING, YOU'RE AN ANGEL AND A NAUGHTY LITTLE DEVIL ROLLED UP INTO ONE DIVINE PACKAGE! -SMACK!- AND YOU TASTE LIKE HEAVEN....
I DON'T THINK IT WAS A DESIRE FOR SEX. I JUST WANTED SOMEONE TO HOLD ME. SOMEONE TO PUT STRONG ARMS AROUND ME AND KEEP ME SAFE.
C'MERE BABY, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU... YESSSS...
SUGAR, I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU! AND I CAN'T WAIT TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME... TONIGHT, MY LOVE....
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BUT FOR NOW, DUTY CALLS. REMEMBER WHERE WE LEFT OFF, OK BEAUTIFUL?
YOU TEASE! I CAN THINK OF ABOUT A THOUSAND WONDERFUL WAYS TO REMIND YOU IF YOU FORGET!

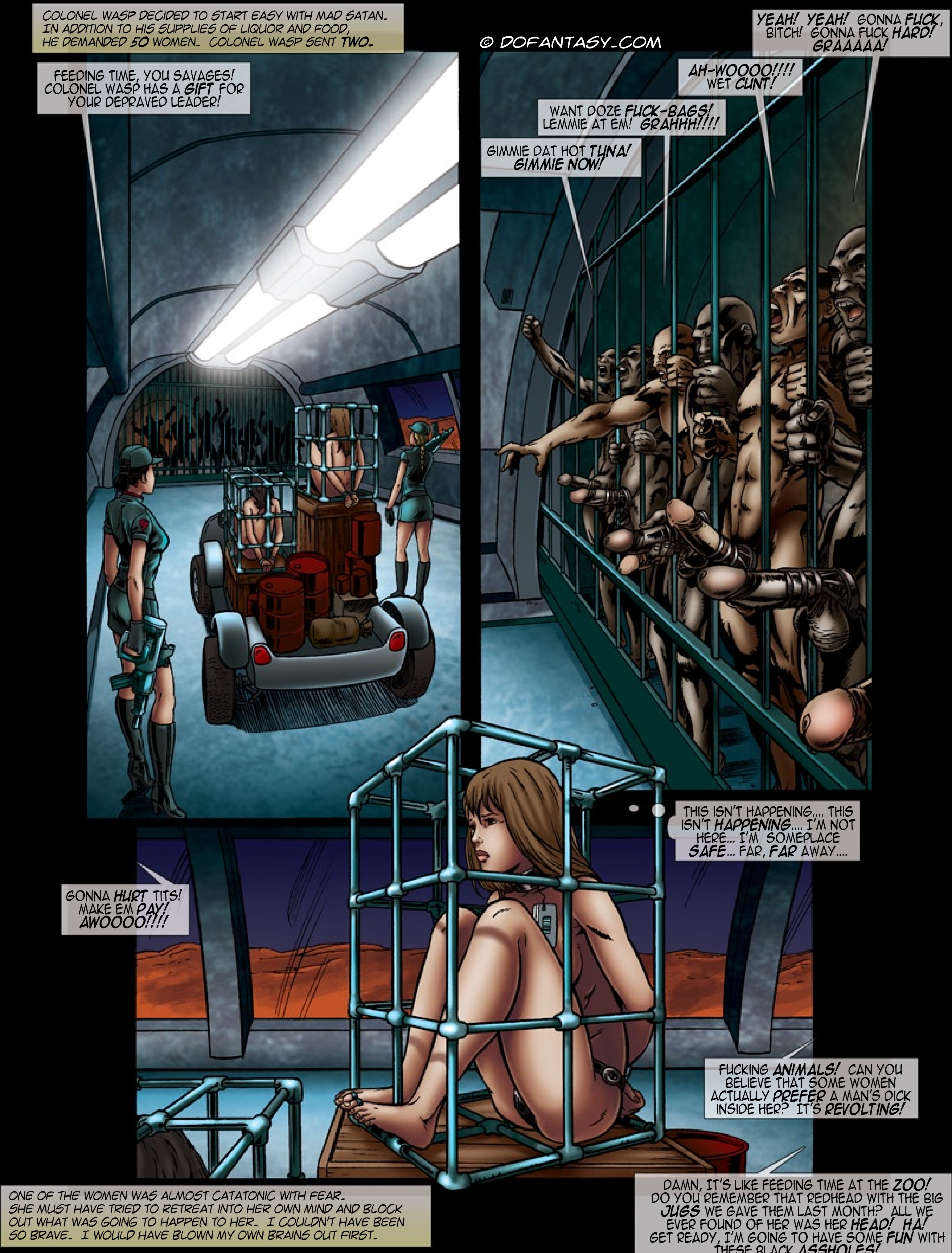


LISTEN UP, SCUM! I WAS ABOUT THREE SECONDS AWAY FROM GETTING AN EXPERT CLITTY-LICKING FROM MY LOVER, AND YOU PATHETIC BUNCH OF WHORES RUINED IT! SO NOW I'M ROYALLY PISSED OFF.
ANSWER QUICKLY! ARE ANY OF YOU PRISONERS A DYKE? ANYONE? NO?
GOOD. THAT MEANS WE HAVE A FULL TROOP OF LEZZIE-VIRGINS TO CHOOSE FROM. I DOUBT THEY HAVE A FULL BRAIN BETWEEN THEM, BUT EVEN A MINDLESS FUCK-DOLL CAN LEARN TO SUCK A PINK GASH LIKE A PRO!
RED, YOU LOOK LIKE A NATURAL PUSSY EATER. GET ON YOUR TOES.
SHOW ME THAT SWEET LITTLE TONGUE..
tap tap
© DOFANTASY.COM
YES, PLEASE TAKE ME! I DON'T CARE ANY MORE... JUST DON'T LET THEM HURT ME! I COULDN'T SURVIVE IN THE REFINERY... NO ONE CAN...
OH YES.... PERFECT FOR STROKING MY CLIT, LAPPING DEEP INSIDE MY HOT SNATCH AND SUCKING ALL MY JUICES DOWN YOUR LITTLE THROAT. MMMMM. I'M GETTING HOT ALREADY.... YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO HAVE TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED, RED. ...
ISN'T SHE CUTE? LIKE A SAD-EYED LITTLE DOGGY IN A PET STORE WINDOW! CAN I KEEP HER?
SHE'S NOT HOUSEBROKEN, YET! MOST OF THESE DUMB SLAGS DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY COULD TELL THEIR FLOPPY TITS FROM A PAIR OF DUFFLE BAGS!
BESIDES, HONEY. YOUR SILKY PUSS BELONGS TO ME!


WELL LOOK WHO WE HAVE HERE. THE PATHETIC OFFSPRING BETWEEN A TRAITOR AND A WHORE. MISS ANDREA COLLINS. DID YOU THANK THE NICE DOCTOR FOR FIXING YOU UP? SHE SAID IT TOOK AWHILE FOR YOU TO LUBE YOUR FUCK-HOLE, BUT ONCE YOU GOT STARTED, YOU DIDN'T WANT TO STOP!
NOW JUST BECAUSE WE'VE GOT A PERSONAL CONNECTION, DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN FORGET YOUR PLACE, BLONDIE. YOU'RE AN EXPENDABLE INMATE, AND WHEN YOU SEE ME, YOU GROVEL AND LICK MY BOOTS.
-clik-
OWWW!!!
THUD!
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I GUESS YOUR MOTHER MANAGED TO TEACH YOU SOMETHING USEFUL AFTER ALL. DID SHE ALSO TEACH YOU HOW TO SLURP ON A WET SNATCH LIKE AN OBEDIENT LEZZIE SLUT? YOUR MOM WAS PRETTY GOOD AT IT, YOU KNOW.



GET A GOOD LOOK AT MY SNATCH, ANDREA. YOUR MOTHER USED TO SPEND HOURS SUCKING IT... CARESSING IT. SHE WORSHIPPED MY TWAT LIKE HER LIFE DEPENDED ON IT. IT DID, OF COURSE. TOO BAD I GREW TIRED OF HER.
I'M GIVING YOU A CHOICE, ANDREA. YOU CAN AGREE TO BE MY MUFF-DIVING LEZZIE SLAVE AND SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE SUCKING MY ASS AND LICKING MY TOES LIKE YOUR MOTHER.... OR I CAN THROW YOU TO THE PIGS. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, DON'T YOU? A MOB OF PSYCHOTIC DIRT BAGS WILL FUCK THE FLESH FROM YOUR BONES. IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU'LL LAST A WEEK. IF YOU'RE UNLUCKY, YOU'LL LAST FOR MONTHS.
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SO WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, GOLDILOCKS? LICK MY SNATCH AND SUBMIT TO ME AS YOUR MISTRESS AND OWNER, OR GO TO THE REFINERY AND MEET YOUR 200 NEW BOYFRIENDS?
I HAD NO CHOICE, REALLY. I HAD TO DO ANYTHING I COULD TO STAY ALIVE AND AVENGE MY POOR MOTHER. HER THICK MUSK BURNED MY NOSE AS I LEANED FORWARD...
LICK!
SMART GIRL. I GUESS EVEN A BRAIN-DEAD BLONDE WHORE CAN GET SOMETHING RIGHT IF SHE TRIES HARD ENOUGH. NOW SHOW ME THAT YOU'RE AN IMPROVEMENT ON YOUR MAMA. FOR YOUR SAKE, YOU BETTER BE!



COLONEL WASP DECIDED TO START EASY WITH MAD SATAN. IN ADDITION TO HIS SUPPLIES OF LIQUOR AND FOOD, HE DEMANDED 50 WOMEN. COLONEL WASP SENT TWO.
FEEDING TIME, YOU SAVAGES! COLONEL WASP HAS A GIFT FOR YOUR DEPRAVED LEADER!
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YEAH! YEAH! GONNA FUCK, BITCH! GONNA FUCK HARD! GRAAAAA!
AH-WOOOO!!!! WET CUNT!
WANT DOZE FUCK-BAGS! LEMMIE AT EM! GRAHHH!!!!
GIMMIE DAT HOT TUNA! GIMMIE NOW!
THIS ISN'T HAPPENING.... THIS ISN'T HAPPENING.... I'M NOT HERE... I'M SOMEPLACE SAFE... FAR, FAR AWAY....
GONNA HURT TITS! MAKE EM PAY! AWOOOO!!!!
FUCKING ANIMALS! CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT SOME WOMEN ACTUALLY PREFER A MAN'S DICK INSIDE HER? IT'S REVOLTING!
ONE OF THE WOMEN WAS ALMOST CATATONIC WITH FEAR. SHE MUST HAVE TRIED TO RETREAT INTO HER OWN MIND AND BLOCK OUT WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO HER. I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BRAVE. I WOULD HAVE BLOWN MY OWN BRAINS OUT FIRST.
DAMN, IT'S LIKE FEEDING TIME AT THE ZOO! DO YOU REMEMBER THAT REDHEAD WITH THE BIG JUGS WE GAVE THEM LAST MONTH? ALL WE EVER FOUND OF HER WAS HER HEAD! HA! GET READY, I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH THESE BLACK ASSHOLES!

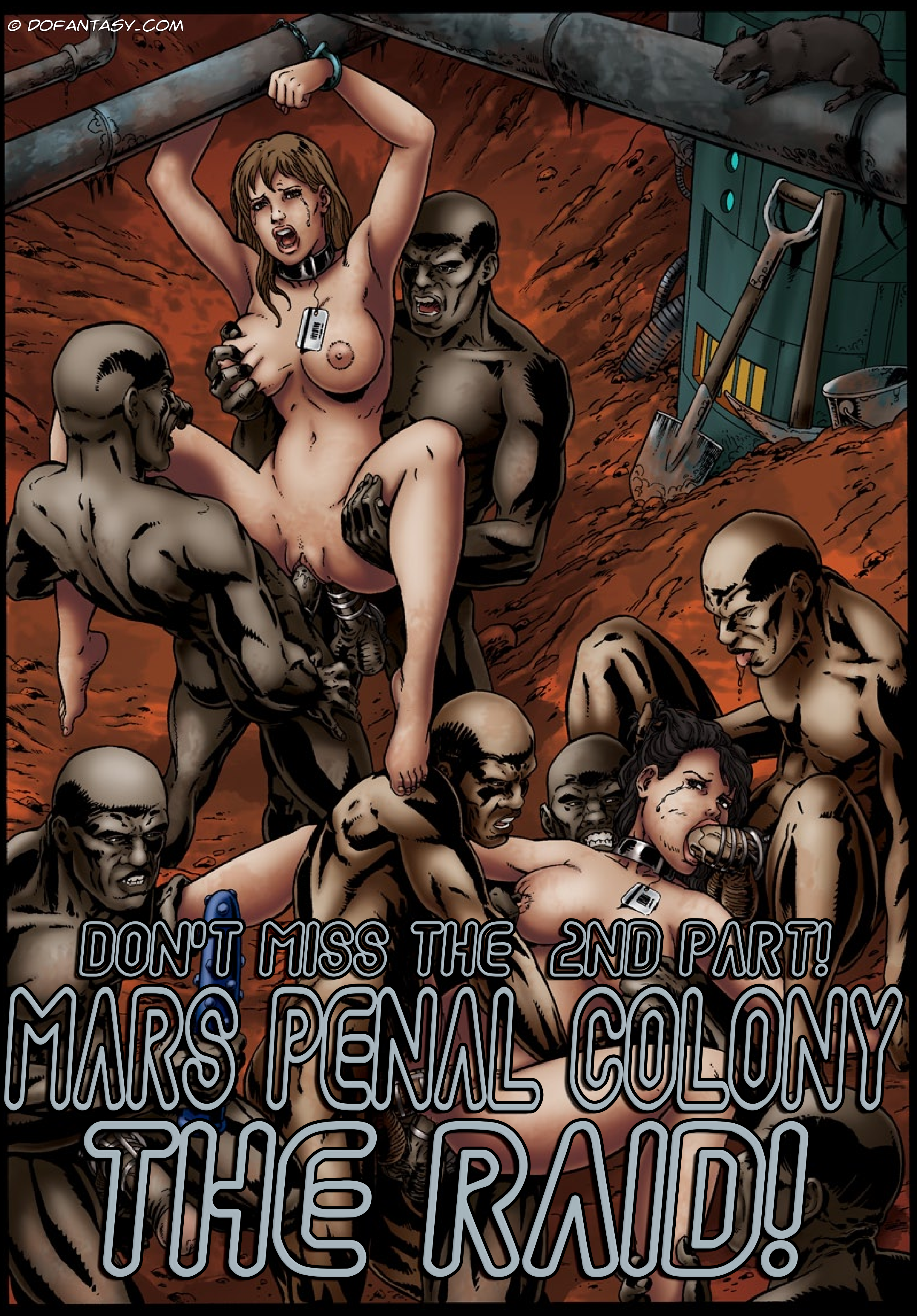

WHY HELLO THERE, BOYS! WHICH ONE OF YOU WELL-HUNG STUDS CAN SHOW AN INNOCENT LITTLE WHITE GIRL LIKE ME A GOOD TIME? I'M FEELING NAUGHTY, AND WANT TO BE BAD... REAL BAD!
NGHAAA!! HOOO! HOOO!!! DAT ASS! NEED FUCKIN' NOW!
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DO YOU HANDSOME MEN LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? MY BREASTS ARE SO WHITE AND CREAMY... I BET IF YOU SUCKED THEM THEY'D TASTE LIKE WHIPPED CREAM! (GIGGLE!) WHO WANTS A TASTE?
YYEARGH!!!!!
ZAP THOSE LOSERS!
-CLICK-
BRRRZZZZZAAAAPP!


FUCK YOU, ASSHOLES! YOU THINK THAT A HOTTIE LIKE ME WOULD EVEN LET YOU LOSERS TOUCH MY TITS? DREAM ON! YOU SAVAGES SHOULD STICK WITH SOMETHING IN YOUR LEAGUE... LIKE BABOONS! HA HA!
GOD I LOVE THIS JOB! MAKING THOSE EVOLUTIONARY THROWBACKS FALL TO THEIR KNEES IS A FUCKING RUSH!
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GUARD UNIT TO CENTRAL CONTROL. THE DELIVERY HAS BEEN MADE. CLOSE THE SECURITY DOOR AND OPEN THE FACTORY GATES. WE'RE CLEAR.
HURGHAAA! FUCK MEAT! FUCK HOT PUSSY MEAT! MAKE PUSSY MEAT BLEED! GHAAAAA!!!!
I... I'M IN A ... SAFE PLACE... -SOB- ... THIS ISN'T HAPPENING...
(SNIFF!) SMELL TUNAFISH! -SLURP!- GONNA CHEW ON PINK TACO TILL IT RIPS!
GET 'EM TO FACTORY! GOTTA MOVE!


YARG! ME FIRST! NEED WOMAN TO HURT! SLUT TO FUCK!
OPEN THE CAGE!
FUCK DAT! FUCK 'EM THRU BARS LIKE THEY WUZ ANIMALS! SHIT! LEMIE AT 'EM!
GET BACK! NO! HELP!!!
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GHAA!
BZAPPPP!!!!
ARGHH!
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON, BROS? YOU KNOW THE RULES, THE BOSSMAN GETS THE FIRST PICK OF THE NEW MEAT!
-HUFF!- -PANT!-



LISSEN UP, PIGS! I'M THE LEADER OF YOU ANIMALS CUZ I CAN KICK THE ASS OF ANY SONOVABITCH HERE. IT'S ALSO ME WHO GOTS YOU ASSHOLES FOOD TO EAT AND TIGHT CUNTS TO DESTROY. ... AND IT'S GONNA BE ME WHO LETS YOU GET YOUR REVENGE ON THOSE STUCK-UP LEZZIE WHORES WHO LAUGH AT US FROM THEIR CONTROL TOWER!
HERE'S A SAMPLE OF MY GENEROSITY. MAKE IT LAST, CUZ THERE AIN'T GONNA BE ANY MORE NEW COOZE FOR AT LEAST A MONTH!
VIVA TO OUR LEADER!
VIVA, MAD SATAN! YEAH!
NO! NOT THAT! PLEASE MASTER! HAVE MERCY!
WHAT GIVES? WHY'D THEY ONLY SEND TWO FUCK-DOLLS WITH THE BOOZE?
THAT'S JUST THAT STUCK UP BITCH TRYING TO TELL ME WHO'S IN CHARGE. IT'S HER WAY OF SENDING ME A MESSAGE. FUCKIN' DYKE! SHOULDA HAD HER CUNT SPLIT WITH A LONG, BLACK COCK YEARS AGO. WOULD HAVE MADE A REAL WOMAN OUT OF HER. INSTEAD, SHE WANTS TO WEAR A STRAP-ON AND PRETEND TO BE A MAN. HAW!
WELL SHE CAN HIDE IN HER TOWER AND FRIG ALL THE MUFF-DIVING LEZZIES SHE WANTS. MAD SATAN'S GOT A MESSAGE HE WANTS TO SEND TO HER, AND IT'S ONE THAT WILL HAUNT HER FUCKING DREAMS!
TO BE CONTINUED


DON'T MISS THE 2ND PART!
MARS PENAL COLONY
THE RAID!

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All characters are 18 years old or older.

This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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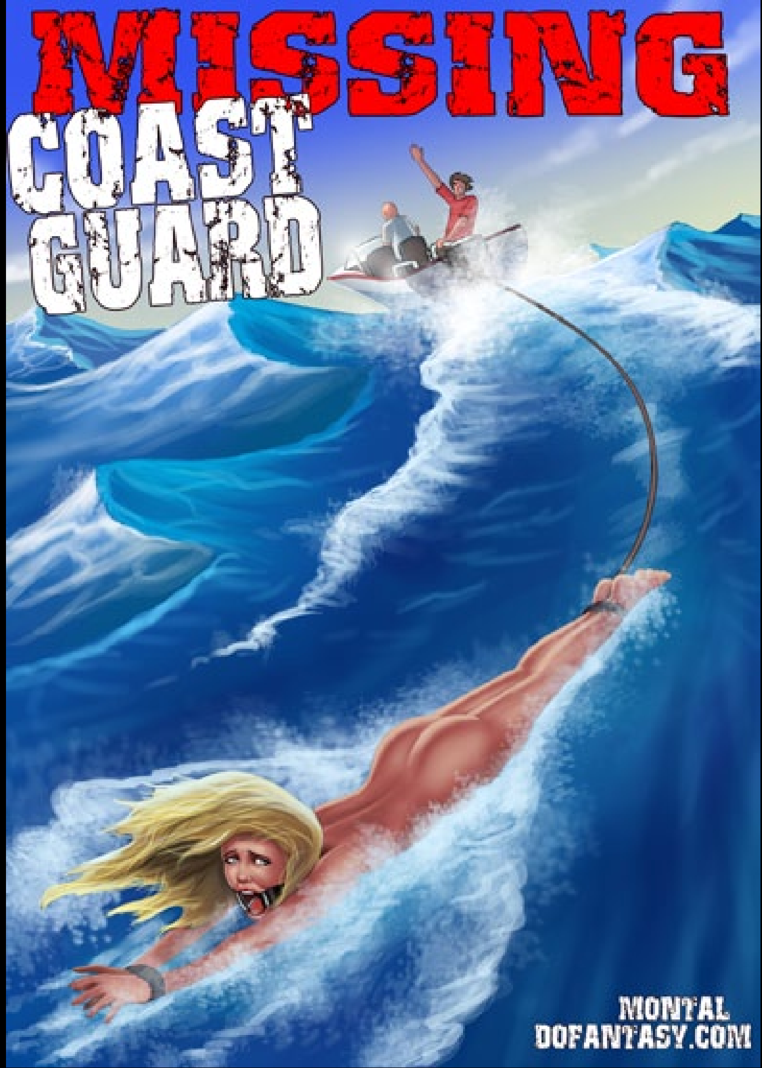

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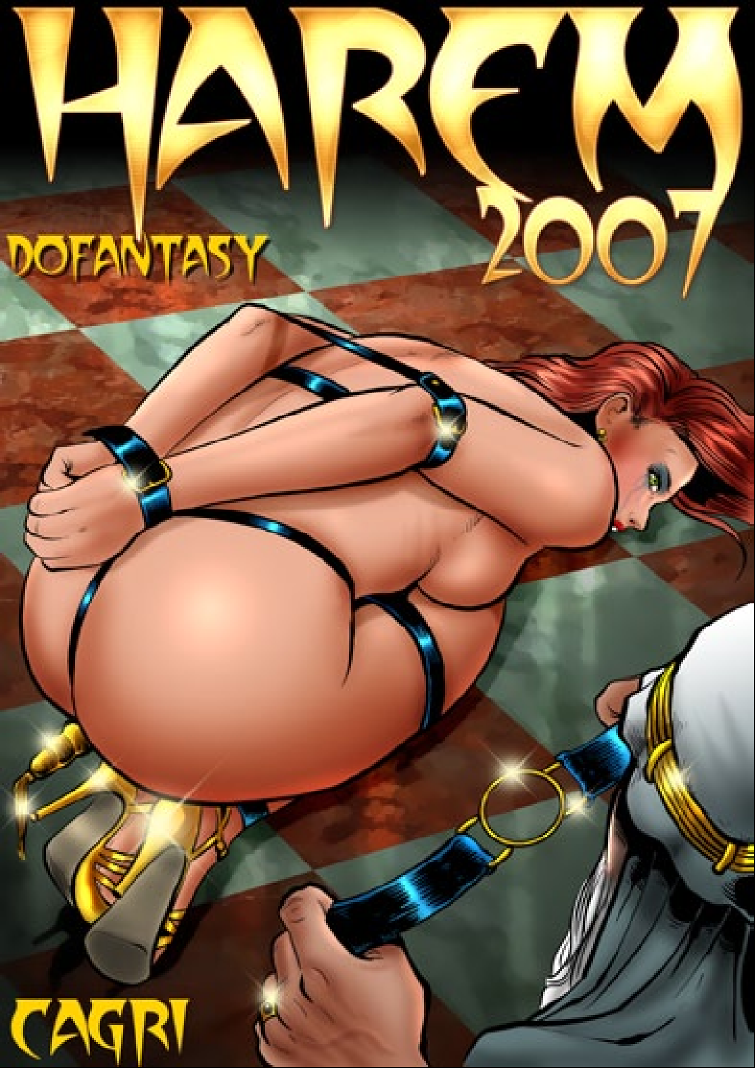

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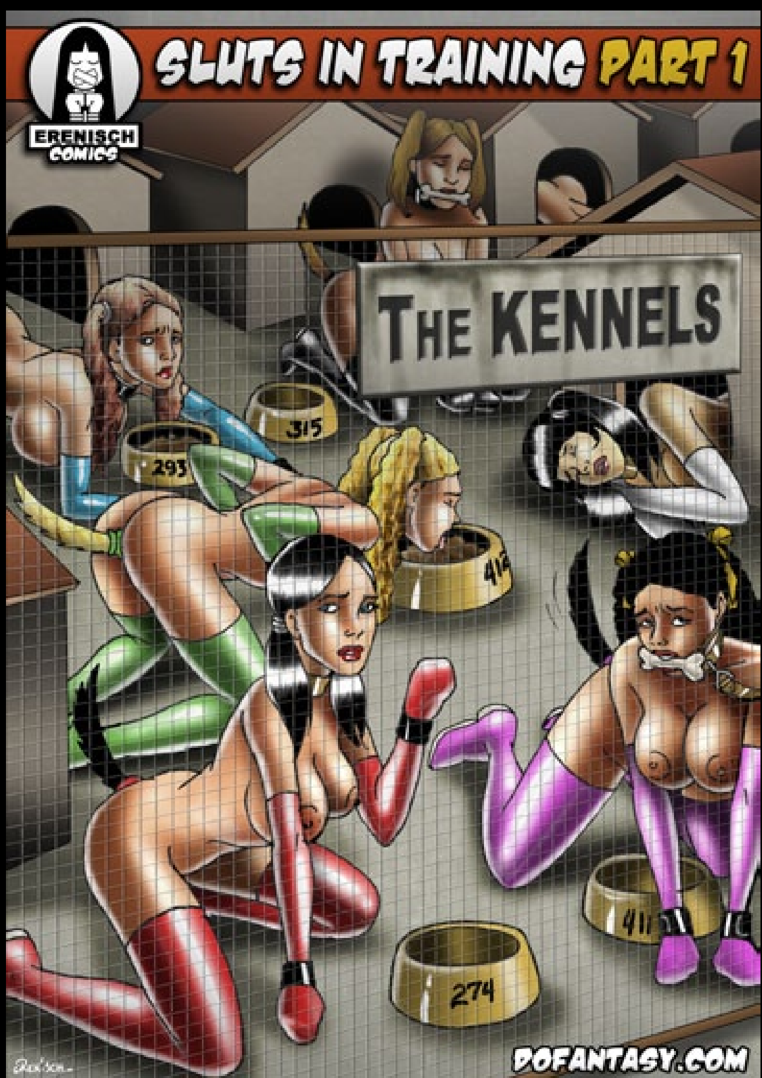

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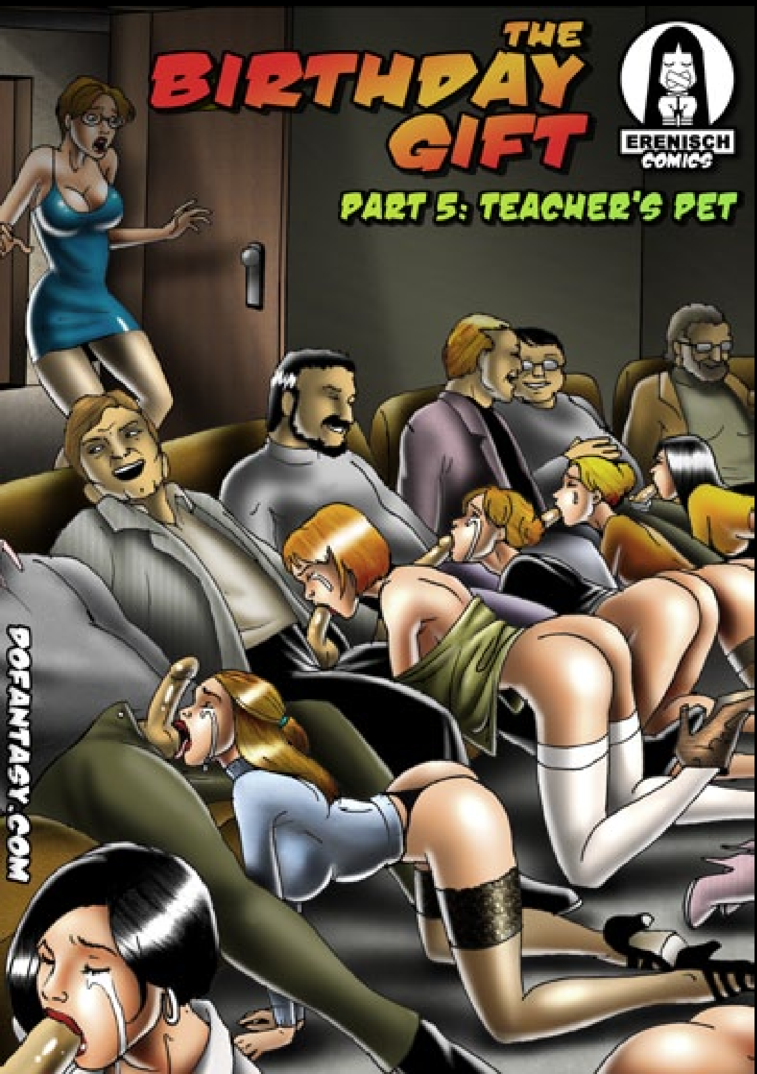




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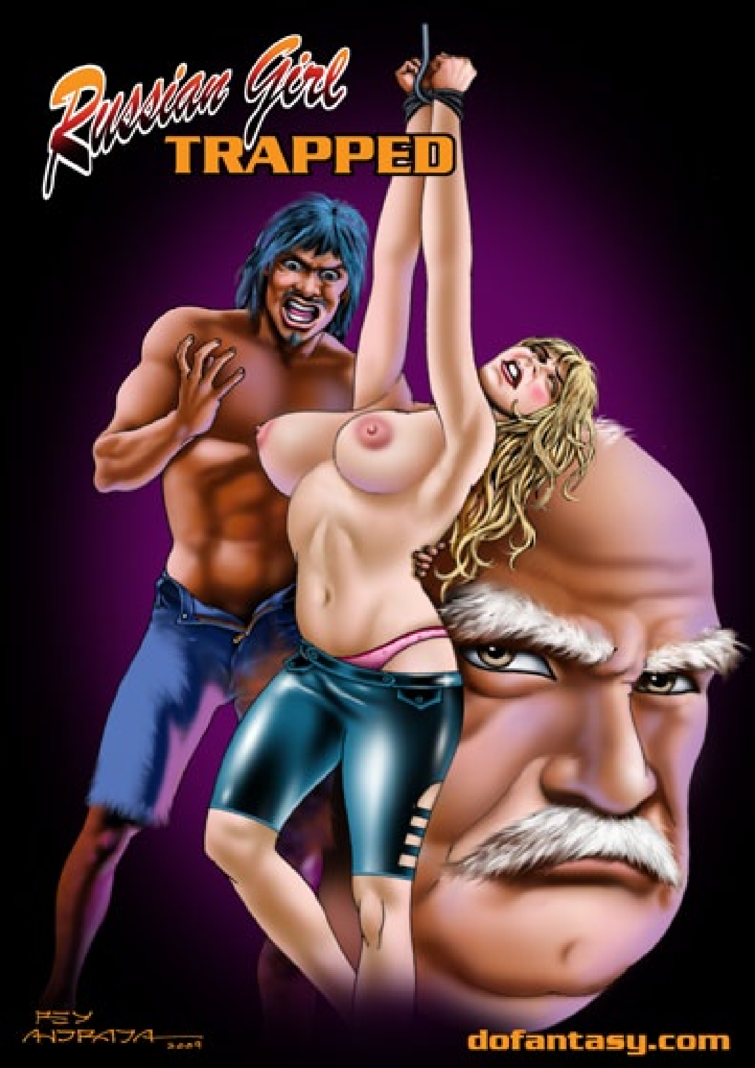

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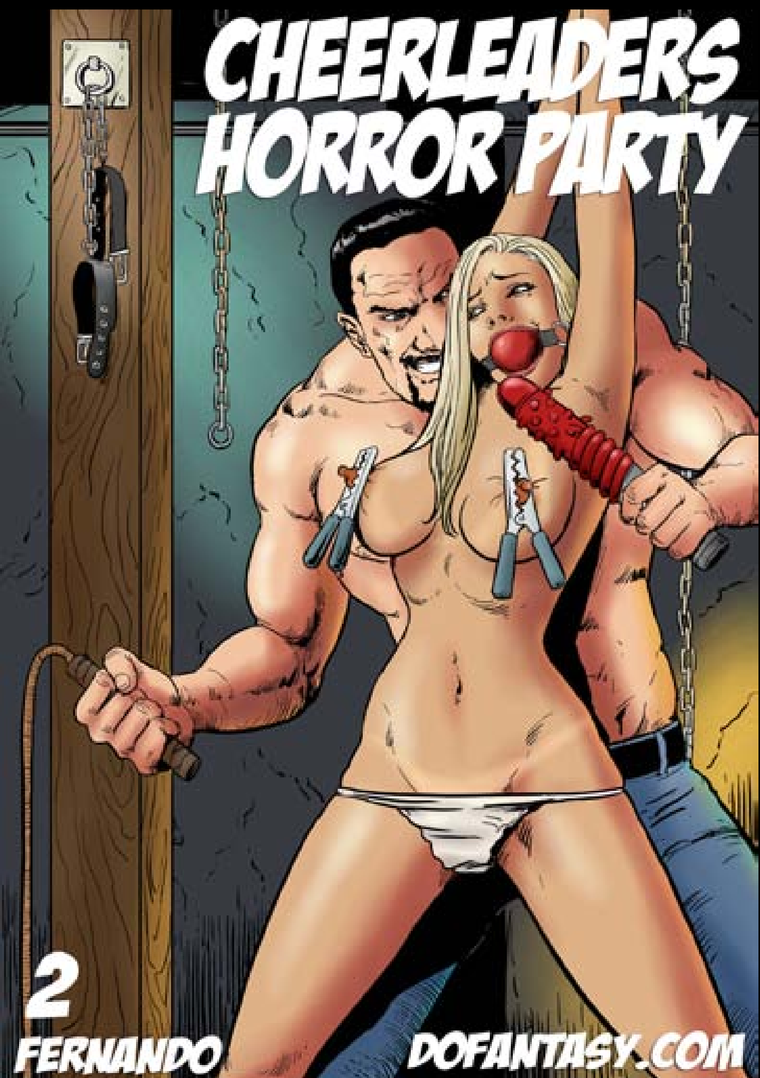

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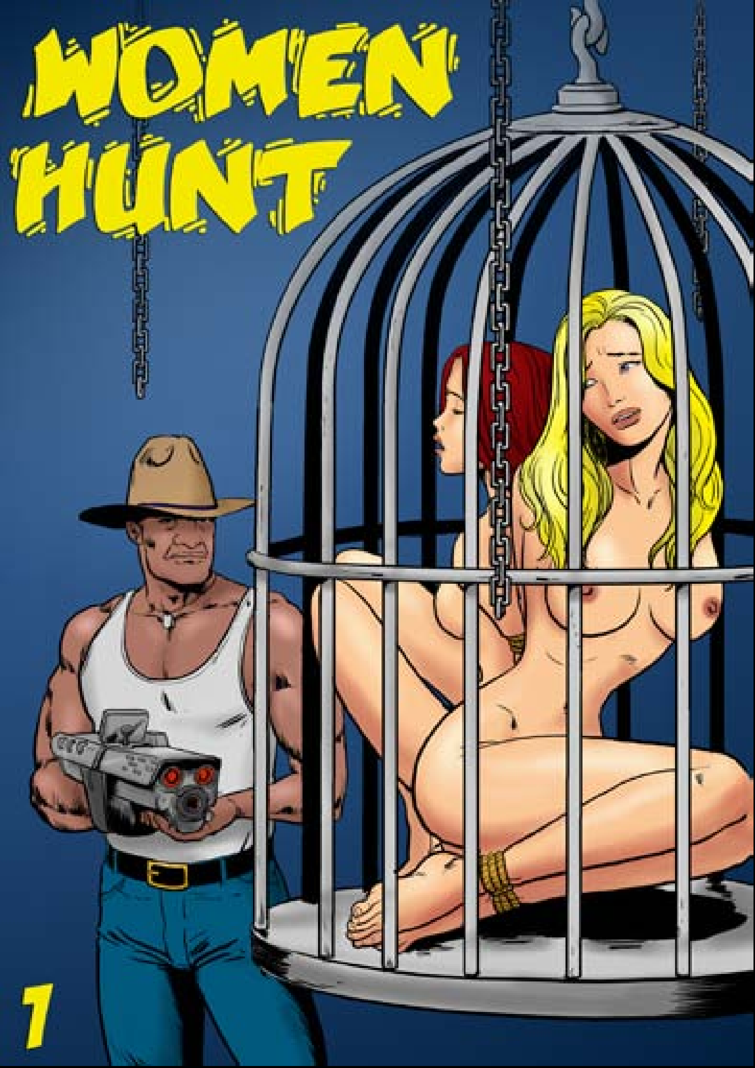



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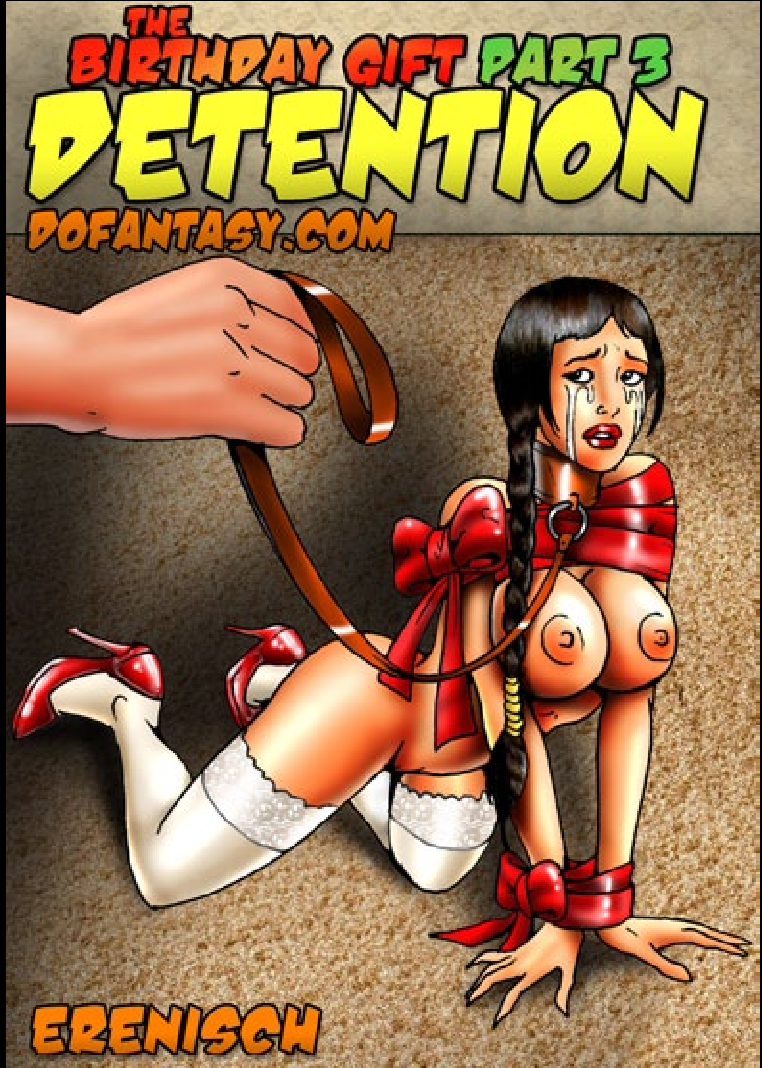

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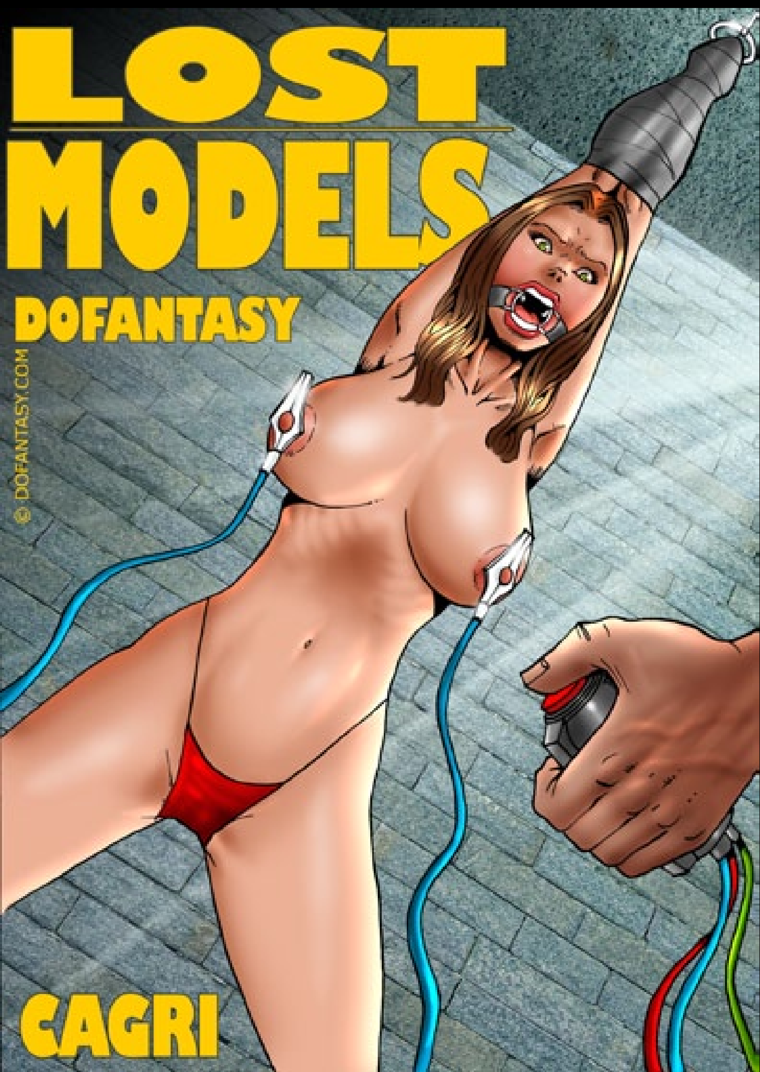

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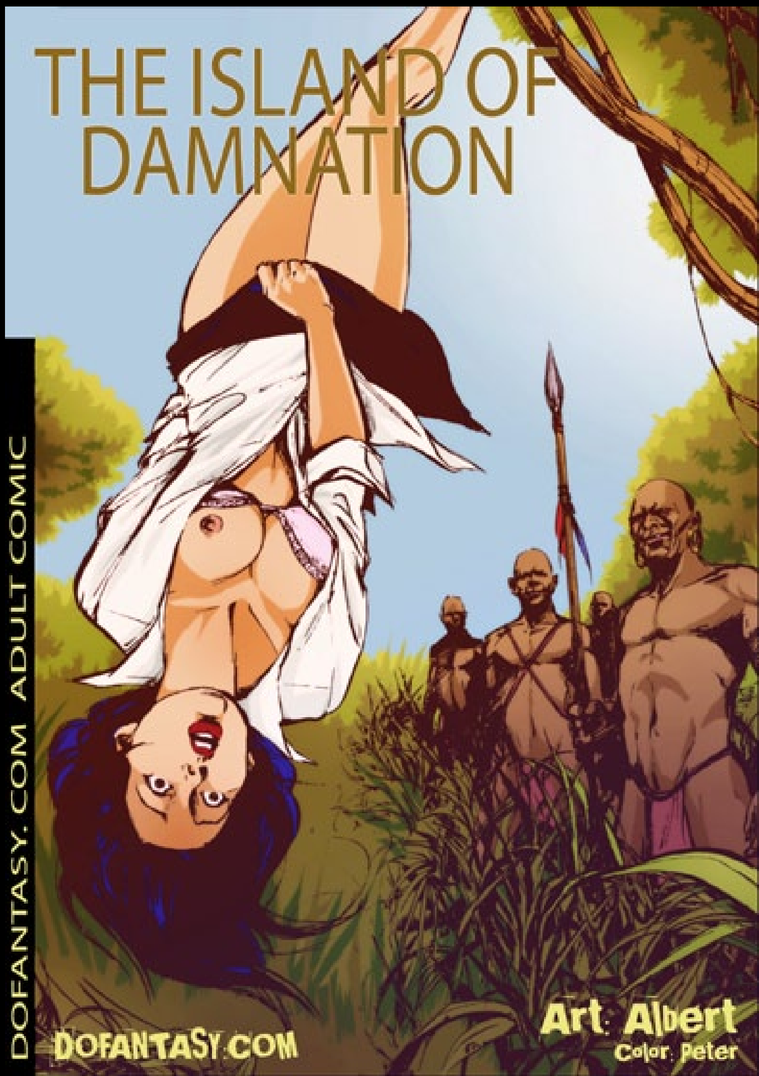

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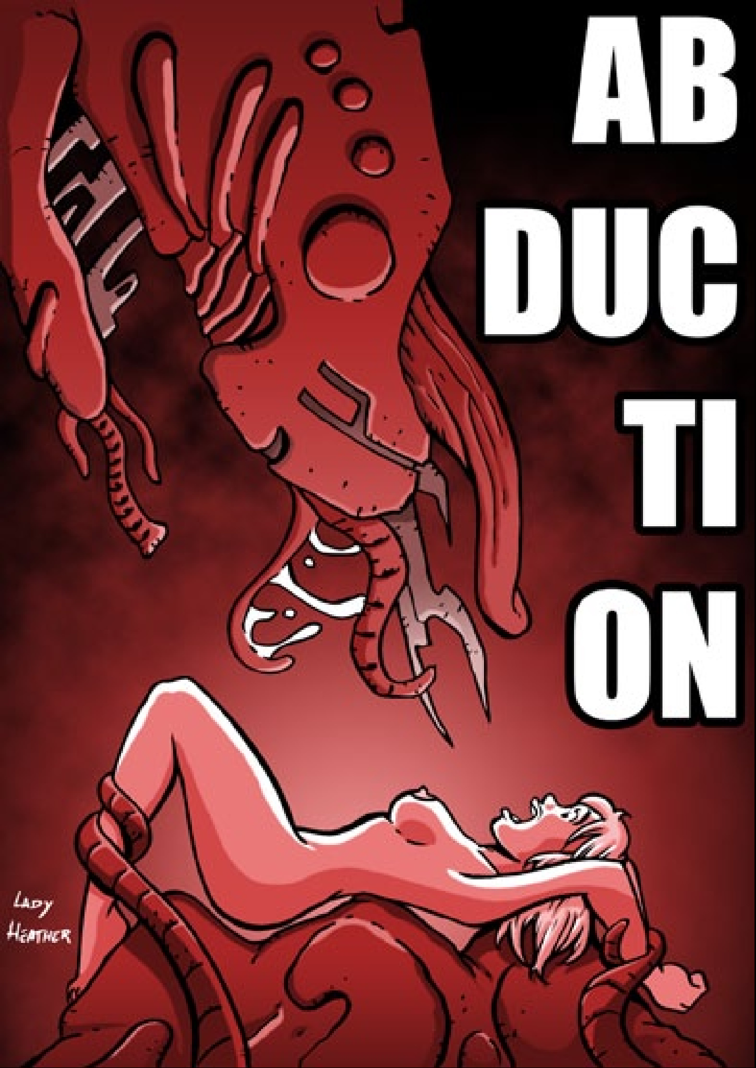

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